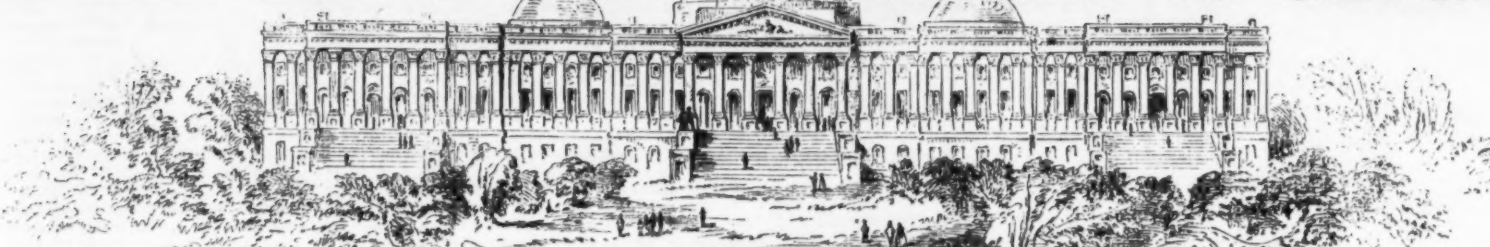


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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The Territory of Arizona.

At the last session of Congress the bill for the erection of the Territory of Arizona was approved by the Senate, and became a law. The new Territory is bounded on the east by New Mexico, on the north by Utah and Nevada, on the west by California, and on the south by the Mexican State of Sonora. It contains 120,912 square miles. It is probably the richest mineral region belonging to the United States. Besides the silver mines, exceedingly heavy deposits of quicksilver, lead and copper have been found in Arizona. The recent discoveries on the Colorado and Gila rivers, and near San Francisco mountain, have attracted throngs of miners from California.

Tucson, the principal settlement in Arizona, is in the southern part of the Territory, only 100 miles from the Sonora line, and but 200 miles, in a direct line, from the Mexican port of Libertad, upon the Gulf of California.

Major Ferguson, of the 1st California Volunteers, last winter surveyed a road between the two points.

His report to Gen. Carleton, which demonstrates the feasibility of the route, has been published by the Senate. The opening of a good port upon the Gulf would make the Territory accessible, and rapidly increase its population and the development of its resources.

HON. JOHN N. GOODWIN, Governor of Arizona.

JOHN N. GOODWIN was born in South Berwick, Maine, in 1821. Messrs. Eben and William H. Goodwin, of this city, long known as enterprising and successful merchants and manufacturers, are members of the same family.

John, fitted for college at Berwick Academy, entered Dartmouth College in 1840, and graduated in 1844. He studied law, and entered upon its practice in his native village in 1849. In 1854 he was elected to the Senate of Maine; in 1855 he was appointed Commissioner to revise the special laws of that State; and in 1860 was elected to Congress from the Portland district.

Mr. Goodwin's course in Congress was in every way creditable to himself and to the country. Among those measures which attracted his especial attention and interest was the bill for the admission of Arizona,

and on its becoming law he accepted the post of Chief Justice of the new Territory.

Upon the sudden death of Gov. Gurley, just as he was about to start for the Territory, the officers requested the appointment of Mr. Goodwin to his place. The President very promptly acceded to the request, and the expedition started without delay, and is by this time well over the plains. The train left Fort Leavenworth early in the month, and were to go by Santa Fe and the Mesilla valley. The distance from Leavenworth to Tucson, the proposed capital of Arizona, is no less than 1,600 miles.

Gov. Goodwin is possessed of qualities which will undoubtedly make him alike successful in the difficult and responsible duties incident to the organization of the most recent, and in some respects the most important of our territorial domains.

HON. RICHARD M'CORMICK, Secretary of Arizona.

Is a native of New York city. His literary reputation dates from the siege of Sebastopol, in the winter of 1854-5. He was more than a month in the camps of the Allies, during which time he wrote for the *Courier and Enquirer* of this city a number of letters, remarkable for truthfulness,

force and duty. These productions were extensively copied.

His book, "Six Weeks Before Sebastopol," published by the Appletons, was republished in London. Other product of his European tour was his short and useful little work, entitled "St. Paul to St. Sophia."

After the decease of his father he took up his residence at Jamaica, Long Island. He soon became a public favorite. His occasional extemporaneous addresses, or more elaborate orations and lectures, were always warmly received. In 1861 he was invited by Mr. W. C. Bryant to a place in the editorial corps of the *Evening Post*. When the present war broke out Mr. M'Cormick was deemed to be fitted by his Crimean experience to represent the *Post* at the scene of active hostilities. His descriptions of several battles which he witnessed are among the best that have appeared. In the battle of Blackburn's ford he narrowly escaped death. At Bull Run he was shot by the side of Gen. Wood, then Col. of the 14th Brooklyn, when he fell. His account of the battle of Williamsburg is regarded as the best account that has been rendered.

Impressed with the want of an Agricultural Department as a distinct bureau of the Government, he assisted materially in getting a bill through Congress for that purpose. Under that law he was recom-



SHAVING IN CAMP—A SCENE IN GENERAL MEADE'S ARMY NEAR CULPEPER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.

The devil was sick, and a monk would be—
The devil got well, but no monk w-s-be.

And so with our citizens. Half-a-dozen ships-of-war arrive here belonging to the greatest despotism in Europe, whose monarch crushed Hungarian liberty in 1849, and who is now engaged in tramping out the last remains of Polish nationality—for his lacky was crushed: half a century ago—and let us repeat the follies of the past and pay homage to the Kaiser. When will our citizens comprehend that, with nations so vain as the French, and so barbarous and art-gut as the English and the Russians, our civilities are not only wasted, but actually considered as obsequious acknowledgments of their superiority over ourselves? If we could put a little surly dignity into our character, the American would be the model freeman of the world!

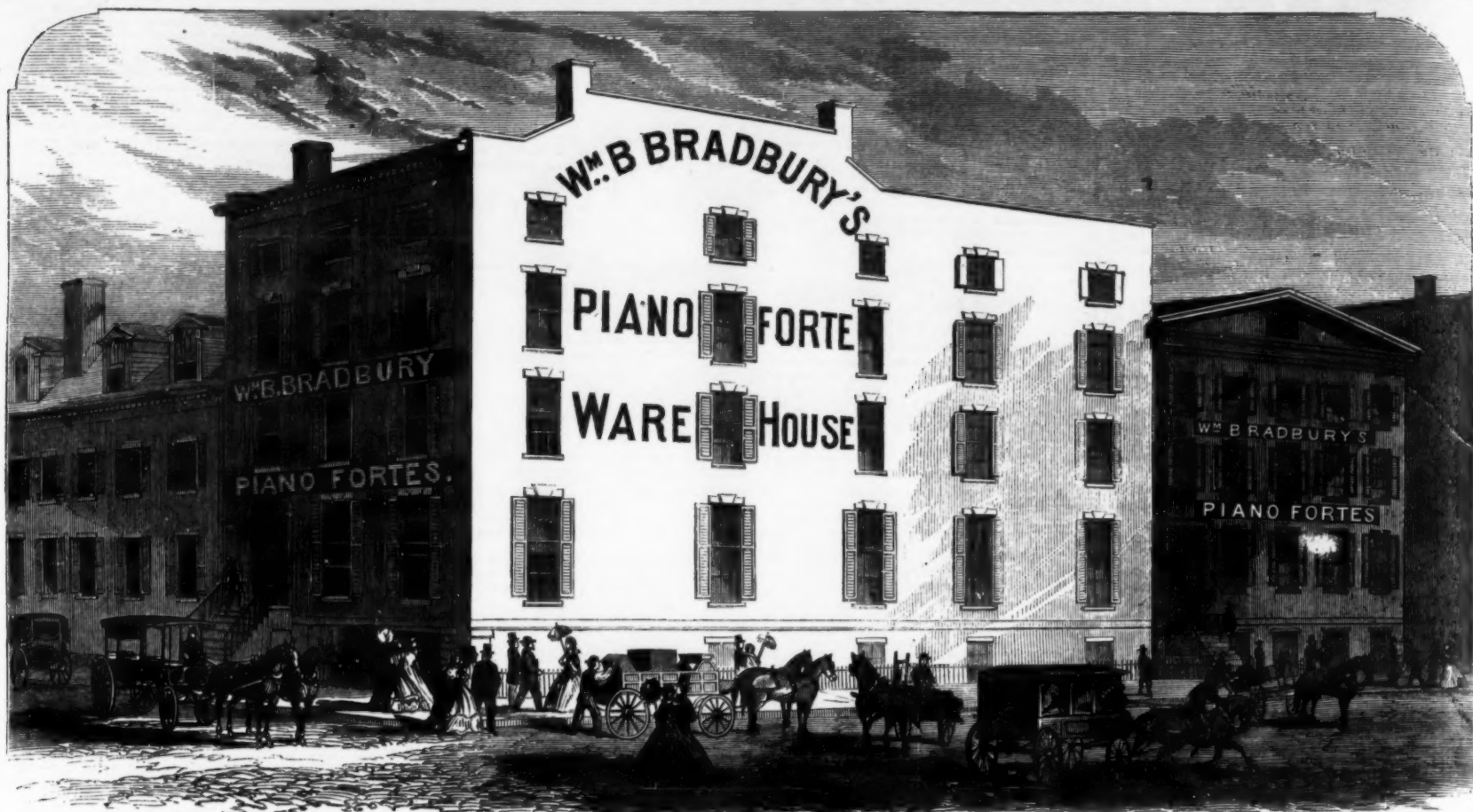
The semi-annual meeting of railroad managers, for the purpose of arranging a new series of timetables for the approaching winter season, commenced at the St. Nicholas Hotel, on the 15th Oct. Mr. G. Twichell, of Boston and Worcester, was called to the chair; and Messrs. G. Merrill, of the Vermont Central, and R. S. Flint, of the Cleveland,

—Com. Charles Fowler of the rebel navy has lately, on parole, been visiting his relatives in New Haven. He is one of four brothers, three of whom embraced the Union cause and entered the army, while he, having lived South 14 years, joined the rebels. His brother Richard died of a wound received at Fredericksburg; another brother, Douglas,

—The Governor-General of Canada has procured the Parliament, which has recently assembled in Quebec.

— Two New Yorkers sojourning at Chicago, intimate friends and probable future brothers-in-law, lately spent the day together, and fell in love in the evening with the same young lady. They fell to quarrelling, and agreed to fight a duel. Arrived at the appointed place their better feelings overcame them, and they rushed into each other's arms. Resolving to ratify their conciliation they straightway became disastrously tight, quarrelled again, and this time blood—knew from the nose—was shed.

A SPECIAL ARTIST OF FRANK LESLIE'S PAPER KILLED.—We regret to find in the report of Major-General Blunt on the Baxter Springs skirmish, that James R. O'Neill, whose graphic sketches of actions and operations on Gen. Blunt's movements have so often enriched our pages, was one of the prisoners butchered by the rebels.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF WILLIAM B. BRADBURY'S PIANOFORTE WAREHOUSES AND MANUFACTORY, CORNER OF BROOME AND CROSBY STREETS, N. Y., AS SEEN FROM BROADWAY.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

THERE is probably no name more widely known throughout the United States than that of WM. B. BRADBURY, the subject of our present sketch. For 20 years his name has been before the public, first as a leading class teacher, then as a composer, and now both as a composer and piano manufacturer.

Over a million copies of his music-books have been printed and sold, so that we may safely infer that his name is known in two-thirds of the households in the Union.

Wm. B. Bradbury was born in the town of York, county of York, in the State of Maine, in the year 1816. His grandfather was an old Revolutionary soldier, universally respected and esteemed. Both his parents were noted in the town for their musical taste and excellent singing, his father being the leader of a Congregational Church and teacher of a singing school choir. From them probably he inherited that passion for music, the development of which has rendered his name so popular and his life so prosperous. His early education was received at the village school, and he studied when not engaged on the farm or at his father's mechanical business, at which he soon became a skilful workman.



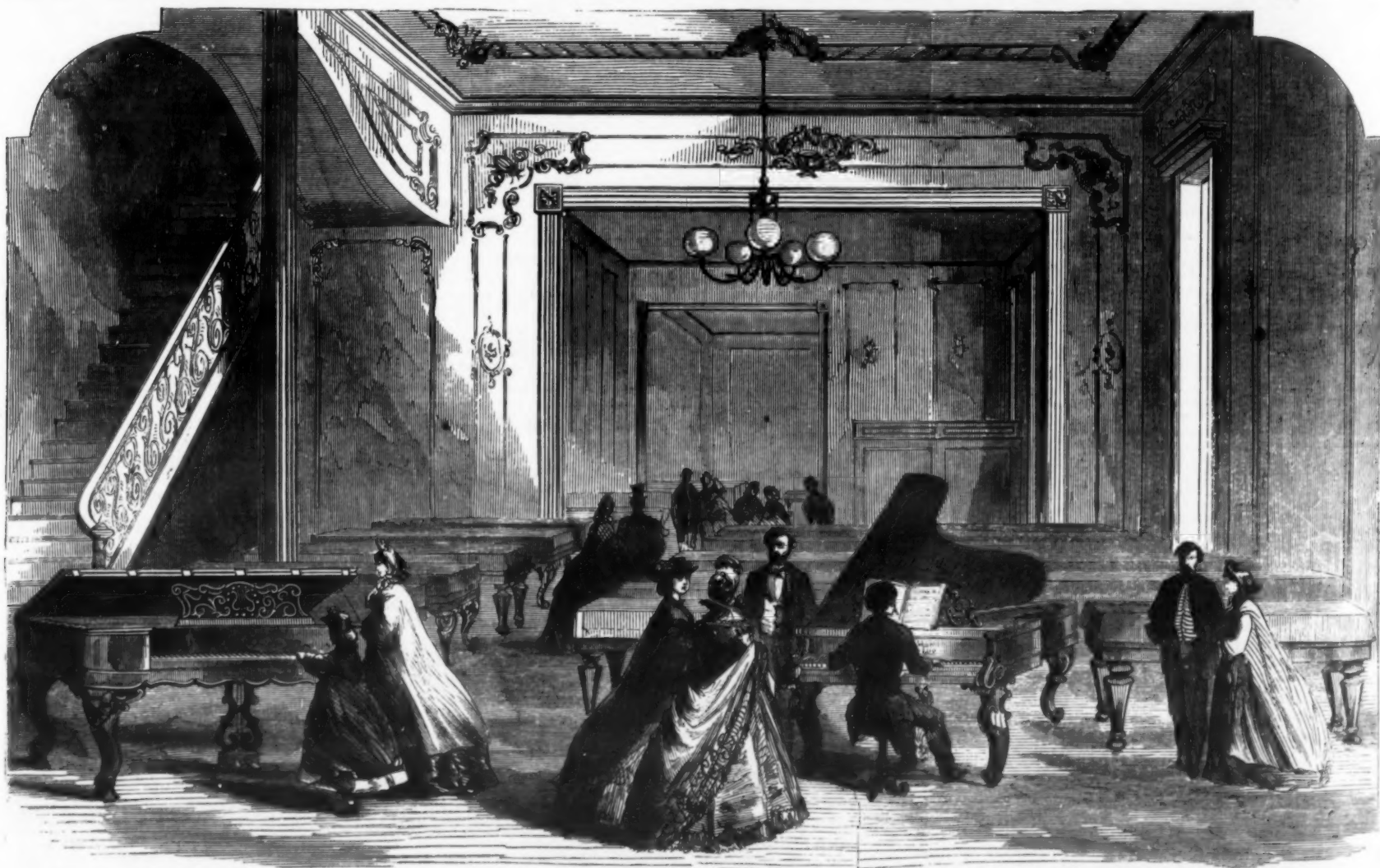
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURED BY WM. B. BRADBURY, TO WHICH THE GOLD MEDAL WAS AWARDED AT THE FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1863.

In his native place he had little opportunity of hearing or studying music, but he mastered after a fashion every instrument that came in his way; and his facility in this respect, combined with other traits clearly evinced the true bent of his mind.

In 1830 his family went to Boston and he accompanied them. Till then he had never seen a piano or an organ. Of the latter, the first one he saw was in the church of the Rev. Dr. Sharp—long since dead and gone—in Charles street, Boston. It was to him a revelation; the extent and the variety of its powers astonished him, and from that moment he determined to become a musician.

The mechanical business at which he was employed embraced some of the delicate mechanism of the pianoforte, and this led him to the study of the entire instrument, the construction of which he became master of in a few months, a knowledge of which proved of vast importance to him in after life. While in pursuit of musical knowledge he became acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Lowell Mason and his coadjutor George J. Webb, who stood at the very head of the musical celebrities of New England. He immediately joined their classes and observed closely their method of vocal class teaching, thus gaining the practical knowledge which was destined to be the foundation of his fortune—one other instance of the

(Continued on page 87.)



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE WAREHOUSES IN WM. B. BRADBURY'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY, CORNER OF BROOME AND CROSBY STREETS, N. Y.

THE STONELESS GRAVE.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

I stood beside a nameless grave,
Amid a churchyard's gloom,
And mused what poor world-wearied slave
Was resting in that tomb.
Perchance his feet had often trod,
With thoughtless step, that very sod,
At morning's opening bloom,
And little deeming he one day
Would 'neath that quiet spot decay.

Perchance some bard beneath thee sleeps!
Are thus his dreams repaid?
No tributary marble keeps
Guard where his dust is laid!
His thoughts which breathed, and words
which burned,
His mind which time and limit spurned,
Rest they beneath this shade?
Vain thought! the poet's glowing mind
He gives a dower to humankind.

Some hunted patriot here may rest,
Safe from the tyrant's blow;
For he is now a monarch's guest
Who guards from every foe.
No wanderer ever came, O Death!
Thy gentle wing to rest beneath,
Who felt another woe.
Thy greeting bids at once depart
Sorrow and suffering from the heart.

Some banished exile here may find
At last a quiet home;
His hungry heart, his yearning mind
Destined no more to roam.
No brooding care to gloom his day,
No night in which his soul might stray
Far o'er the ocean's foam,
When rapt in some delicious dream
He stands beside his village stream.

A sadder man than all may rest
In this his welcome bed;
A man who felt for every breast—
One who in silence bled.
Who could not heal the grief he saw—
To whom sweet love alone was law,
Not what the cold world said;
Until he only saw the rod,
And not the gracious face of God.



A Christian here may wait awhile
The coming of his Lord;
His dying bed lit with His Smile,
And solaced by His Word.
He needs no stone to mark the tomb;
Around there breathes the flowers' perfume
His virtues to record—
For gentle Nature ever keeps
Vigil where pious merit sleeps.

A PAIR OF EYES;
OR,
Modern Magic.

We were married quietly, went away till the nine days gossip was over, spent our honeymoon as that absurd month is usually spent, and came back to town with the first autumnal frosts; Agatha regretting that I was no longer entirely her own, I secretly thanking heaven that I might drop the lover, and begin my work again, for I was as an imprisoned creature in that atmosphere of "love in idleness," though my bonds were only a pair of loving arms. Madame Snow and son departed, we settled ourselves in the fine house, and then endowed with every worldly blessing, I looked about me, believing myself master of my fate, but found I was its slave.

If Agatha could have joined me in my work we might have been happy; if she could have solaced herself with other pleasures and left me to my own, we might have been content; if she had loved me less, we might have gone our separate ways, and yet been friends like many another pair; but I soon found that her affection was of that exacting nature which promises but little peace unless met by one as warm. I had nothing but regard to give her, for it was not in her power to stir a deeper passion in me; I told her this



WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, THE COMPOSER, AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN CHAIN," AND OTHER MUSICAL WORKS.

before our marriage, told her I was a cold, hard man, wrapt in a single purpose; but what woman believes such confessions while her heart still beats fast with the memory of her betrothal? She said everything was possible to love, and prophesied a speedy change; I knew it would not come, but having given my warning left the rest to time. I hoped to lead a quiet life and prove that adverse circumstances, not the want of power, had kept me from excelling in the profession I had chosen; but to my infinite discomfort Agatha turned jealous of my art, for finding the mistress dearer than the wife, she tried to wean me from it, and seemed to feel that having given me love, wealth and ease, I should ask no more, but play the obedient subject to a generous queen. I rebelled against this, told her that one-half my time should be hers, the other belonged to me, and I would so employ it that it should bring honor to the name I had given her. But, Agatha was not used to seeing her will thwarted or her pleasure sacrificed to another, and soon felt that though I scrupulously fulfilled my promise, the one task was irksome, the other all absorbing; that though she had her husband at her side his heart was in his studio, and the hours spent with her were often the most listless in his day. Then began that sorrowful experience old as Adam's reproaches to Eve; we both did wrong,

and neither repented; both were self-willed, sharp tongued and proud, and before six months of wedded life had passed we had known many of those scenes which so belittle character and lessen self-respect.

Agatha's love lived through all, and had I answered its appeals by patience, self-denial and genial friendship, if no warmer tie could exist, I might have spared her an early death, and myself from years of bitterest remorse; but I did not. Then her forbearance ended and my subtle punishment began.

"Away again to-night, Max? You have been shut up all day, and I hoped to have you to myself this evening. Hear how the storm rages without, see how cheery I have made all within for you, so put your hat away and stay, for this hour belongs to me, and I claim it."

Agatha took me prisoner as she spoke, and pointed to the cosy nest she had prepared for me. The room was bright and still; the lamp shone clear; the fire glowed; warm-hued curtains muffled the war of gust and sleet without; books, music, a wide-armed seat and a woman's wistful face invited me; but none of these things could satisfy me just then, and though I drew my wife nearer, smoothed her shining hair, and kissed the reproachful lips, I did not yield.



"You have conquered, I am here!"

"You must let me go, Agatha, for the great German artist is here, and I had rather give a year of life than miss this meeting with him. I have devoted many evenings to you, and though this hour is yours I shall venture to take it, and offer you a morning call instead. Here are novels, new songs, an instrument, embroidery and a dog, who never can offend by moody silence or unpalatable conversation—what more can a contented woman ask, surely not an absent-minded husband?"

"Yes, just that and nothing more, for she loves him, and he can supply a want that none of these things can. See how pretty I have tried to make myself for you alone; stay, Max, and make me happy."

"Dear, I shall find my pretty wife to-morrow, but the great painter will be gone; let me go, Agatha, and make me happy."

She drew herself from my arm, saying with a flash of the eye—"Max, you are a tyrant!"

"Am I? then you made me so with too much devotion."

"Ah, if you loved me as I loved there would be no selfishness on your part, no reproaches on mine. What shall I do to make myself dearer, Max?"

"Give me more liberty."

"Then I should lose you entirely, and lead the life of a widow. Oh, Max, this is hard, this is bitter, to give all and receive nothing in return."

She spoke passionately, and the truth of her reproach stung me, for I answered with that coldness that always wounded her:

"Do you count an honest name, sincere regard and much gratitude as nothing? I have given you these, and ask only peace and freedom in return. I desire to do justice to you and to myself, but I am not like you, never can be, and you must not hope it. You say love is all-powerful, prove it upon me, I am willing to be the fondest of husbands if I can; teach me, win me in spite of myself, and make me what you will; but leave me a little time to live and labor for that which is dearer to me than your faulty lord and master can ever be to you."

"Shall I do this?" and her face kindled as she put the question.

"Yes, here is an amusement for you, use what arts you will, make your love irresistible, soften my hard nature, convert me into your shadow, subdue me till I come at your call like a pet dog, and when you make your presence more powerful than painting I will own that you have won your will and made your theory good."

I was smiling as I spoke, for the twelve labors of Hercules seemed less impossible than this, but



The Domestic Feud culminates.

Agatha watched me with her glittering eyes; and answered slowly—

"I will do it. Now go, and enjoy your liberty while you may, but remember when I have conquered that you dared me to it, and keep your part of the compact. Promise this." She offered me her hand with a strange expression—I took it, said good-night, and hurried away, still smiling at the curious challenge given and accepted.

Agatha told me to enjoy my liberty, and I tried to do so that very night, but failed most signally, for I had not been an hour in the brilliant company gathered to meet the celebrated guest before I found it impossible to banish the thought of my solitary wife. I had left her often, yet never felt disturbed by more than a passing twinge of that uncomfortable bosom friend called conscience; but now the interest of the hour seemed lessened by regret, for through varying conversation held with those about me, mingling with the fine music that I heard, looking at me from every woman's face, and thrusting itself into my mind at every turn, came a vague, disturbing self-reproach, which slowly deepened to a strong anxiety. My attention wandered, words seemed to desert me, fancy to be frostbound, and even in the presence of the great man I had so ardently desired to see I could neither enjoy his society nor play my own part well. More than once I found myself listening for Agatha's voice; more than once I looked behind me expecting to see her figure, and more than once I resolved to go, with no desire to meet her.

"It is an acute fit of what women call nervousness; I will not yield to it," I thought, and plunged into the gayest group I saw, supped, talked, sang a song, and broke down; told a witty story, and spoiled it; laughed and tried to bear myself like the lightest-hearted guest in the room; but it would not do, for stronger and stronger grew the strange longing to go home, and soon it became uncontrollable. A foreboding

fear that something had happened oppressed me, and suddenly leaving the festival at its height drove home as if life and death depended on the saving of a second. Like one pursuing or pursued I rode, eager only to be there; yet when I stood on my own threshold I asked myself wonderingly, "Why such haste?" and stole in ashamed at my early return. The storm beat without, but within all was serene and still, and with noiseless steps I went up to the room where I had left my wife, pausing a moment at the half open door to collect myself, lest she should see the disorder of both mind and mien. Looking in I saw her sitting with neither book nor work beside her, and after a momentary glance began to think my anxiety had not been causeless, for she sat erect and motionless as an inanimate figure of intense thought; her eyes were fixed, face colorless, with an expression of iron determination, as if every energy of mind and body were wrought up to the achievement of a single purpose. There was something in the rigid attitude and stern aspect of this familiar shape that filled me with dismay, and found vent in the abrupt exclamation,

"Agatha, what is it?"

She sprang up like a steel spring when the pressure is removed, saw me, and struck her hands together with a wild gesture of surprise, alarm or pleasure, which I could not tell, for in the act she dropped into her seat white and breathless as if smitten with sudden death. Unspeakably shocked, I bestirred myself till she recovered, and though pale and spent, as if with some past exertion, soon seemed quite herself again.

"Agatha, what were you thinking of when I came in?" I asked, as she sat leading against me with half closed eyes and a faint smile on her lips, as if the unwonted caresses I bestowed upon her were more soothing than any cordial I could give. Without stirring she replied,

"Of you, Max. I was longing for you, with heart and soul and will. You told me to win you in spite of yourself, and I was sending my love to find and bring you home. Did it reach you? did it lead you back and make you glad to come?"

A peculiar chill ran through me as I listened, though her voice was quieter, her manner gentler than usual as she spoke. She seemed to have such faith in her tender fancy, such assurance of its efficacy, and such a near approach to certain knowledge of its success, that I disliked the thought of continuing the topic, and answered cheerfully,

"My own conscience brought me home, dear; for, discovering that I had left my peace of mind behind me, I came back to find it. If your task is to cost a scene like this it will do more harm than good to both of us, so keep your love from such uncanny wanderings through time and space, and win me with less dangerous arts."

She smiled her strange smile, folded my hand in her own, and answered, with soft exultation in her voice,

"It will not happen so again, Max; but I am glad, most glad you came, for it proves I have some power over this wayward heart of yours, where I shall knock until it opens wide and takes me in."

The events of that night made a deep impression on me, for from that night my life was changed. Agatha left me entirely free, never asked my presence, never upbraided me for long absences or silence when together. She seemed to find happiness in her belief that she should yet subdue me, and though I smiled at this in my indifference, there was something half pleasant, half pathetic in the thought of this proud woman leaving all warmer affections for my negligent friendship, the sight of this young wife laboring to win her husband's heart. At first I tried to be all she asked, but soon relapsed into my former life, and finding no reproaches followed, believed I should enjoy it as never before—but I did not. As weeks passed I slowly became conscious that some new power had taken possession of me, swaying my whole nature to its will; a power alien yet sovereign. Fitfully it worked, coming upon me when least desired, enforcing its commands regardless of time, place or mood; mysterious yet irresistible in its strength, this mental tyrant led me at all hours, in all stages of anxiety, repugnance and rebellion, from all pleasures or employments, straight to Agatha. If I sat at my easel the sudden summons came, and wondering at myself I obeyed it, to find her busied in some cheerful occupation, with apparently no thought or wish for me. If I left home I often paused abruptly in my walk or drive, turned and hurried back, simply because I could not resist the impulse that controlled me. If she went away I seldom failed to follow, and found no peace till I was at her side again. I grew moody and restless, slept ill, dreamed wild dreams, and often woke and wandered aimlessly, as if sent upon an unknown errand. I could not fix my mind upon my work; a spell seemed to have benumbed imagination and robbed both brain and hand of power to conceive and skill to execute.

At first I fancied this was only the reaction of entire freedom after long captivity, but I soon found I was bound to a more exacting mistress than my wife had ever been. Then I suspected that it was only the perversity of human nature, and that having gained my wish it grew valueless, and I longed for that which I had lost; but it was not this, for distasteful as my present life had become, the other seemed still more so when I recalled it. For a time I believed that Agatha might be right, that I was really learning to love her, and this unquiet mood was the awakening of that passion which comes swift and strong when it comes to such as I. If I had never loved I might have clung to this belief, but the memory of that earlier affection, so genial, entire and sweet, proved that the present fancy was only a delusion; for searching deeply into myself to discover the truth of this, I found that Agatha was no dearer, and to my own dismay detected a covert dread lurking there, harmless and vague, but threatening to deepen into aversion or

resentment for some unknown offence; and while I accused myself of an unjust and ungenerous weakness, I shrank from the thought of her, even while I sought her with the assiduity but not the ardor of a lover.

Long I pondered over this inexplicable state of mind, but found no solution of it; for I would not own, either to myself or Agatha, that the shadow of her prophecy had come to pass, though its substance was still wanting. She sometimes looked inquiringly into my face with those strange eyes of hers, sometimes chid me with a mocking smile when she found me sitting idly before my easel without a line or tint given though hours had passed; and often, when driven by that blind impulse I sought her anxiously among her friends, she would glance at those about her, saying, with a touch of triumph in her mien, "Am I not an enviable wife to have inspired such devotion in this grave husband?" Once, remembering her former words, I asked her playfully if she still "sent her love to find and bring me home?" but she only shook her head and answered, sadly,

"Oh, no; my love was burdensome to you, so I have rocked it to sleep and laid it where it will not trouble you again."

At last I decided that some undetected physical infirmity caused my disquiet, for years of labor and privation might well have worn the delicate machinery of heart or brain, and this warning suggested the wisdom of consulting medical skill in time. This thought grew as month after month increased my mental malady and began to tell upon my hitherto unbroken health. I wondered if Agatha knew how listless, hollow-eyed and wan I had grown; but she never spoke of it, and an unconquerable reserve kept me from uttering a complaint to her.

One day I resolved to bear it no longer, and hurried away to an old friend in whose skill and discretion I had entire faith. He was out, and while I waited I took up a book that lay among the medical works upon his table. I read a page, then a chapter, turning leaf after leaf with a rapid hand, devouring paragraph after paragraph with an eager eye. An hour passed, still I read on. Dr. L— did not come, but I did not think of that, and when I laid down the book I no longer needed him, for in that hour I had discovered a new world, had seen the diagnosis of my symptoms set forth in unmistakable terms, and found the key to the mystery in the one word—Magnetism. This was years ago, before spirits had begun their labors for good or ill, before ether and hashish had gifted humanity with eternities of bliss in a second, and while Mesmer's mystical discoveries were studied only by the scientific or philosophic few. I knew nothing of these things, for my whole life had led another way, and no child could be more ignorant of the workings or extent of this wonderful power. There was Indian blood in my veins, and superstition lurked there still; consequently the knowledge that I was a victim of this occult magic came upon me like an awful revelation, and filled me with a storm of wrath, disgust and dread.

Like an enchanted spirit who has found the incantation that will free it from subjection, I rejoiced with a grim satisfaction even while I cursed myself for my long blindness, and with no thought for anything but instant accusation on my part, instant confession and atonement on hers, I went straight home, straight into Agatha's presence, and there, in words as brief as bitter, told her that her reign was over. All that was sternest, hottest and most unforgiving ruled me then, and like fire to fire roused a spirit equally strong and high. I might have subdued her by juster and more generous words, but remembering the humiliation of my secret slavery I forgot my own offence in hers, and set no curb on tongue or temper, letting the storm she had raised fall upon her with the suddenness of an unwonted, unexpected outburst.

As I spoke her face changed from its first dismay to a defiant calmness that made it hard as rock and cold as ice, while all expression seemed concentrated in her eye, which burned on me with an unwavering light. There was no excitement in her manner, no sign of fear, or shame, or grief in her mien, and when she answered me her voice was untremulous and clear as when I heard it first.

"Have you done? Then hear me: I knew you long before you dreamed that such a woman as Agatha Euse existed. I was solitary, and longed to be sincerely loved. I was rich, yet I could not buy what is unpurchasable; I was young, yet I could not make my youth sweet with affection; for nowhere did I see the friend whose nature was akin to mine until you passed before me, and I felt at once, 'There is the one I seek!' I never yet desired that I did not possess the coveted object, and believed I should not fall now. Years ago I learned the mysterious gift I was endowed with, and loved it; for, unblest with beauty, I hoped its magic might draw others near enough to see, un- this cold exterior, the woman's nature waiting there. The first night you saw me I yielded to an irresistible longing to attract your eye, and for a moment see the face I had learned to love looking into mine. You know how well I succeeded—you know your own lips asked the favor I was so glad to give, and your own will led you to me. That day I made another trial of my skill and succeeded beyond my hopes, but dared not repeat it, for your strong nature was not easily subdued, it was too perilous a game for me to play, and I resolved that no delusion should make you mine. I would have a free gift or none. You offered me your hand, and believing that it held a loving heart, I took it, to find that heart barred against me, and another woman's name engraved upon its door. Was this a glad discovery for a wife to make? Do you wonder she reproached you when she saw her hopes turn to ashes, and could no longer conceal from herself that she was only a stepping-stone to lift an ambitious man to a position which she could not share? You think me weak and wicked; look back upon the year nearly done and ask yourself if

many young wives have such a record of neglect, despised love, unavailing sacrifices, long suffering patience and deepening despair? I had been reading the tear-stained pages of this record when you bid me win you if I could; and with a bitter sense of the fitness of such a punishment, I resolved to do it, still cherishing a hope that some spark of affection might be found. I soon saw the vanity of such a hope, and this hard truth goaded me to redouble my efforts: till I had entirely subjugated that arrogant spirit of yours, and made myself master where I would so gladly have been a loving subject. Do you think I have not suffered? Have not wept bitter tears in secret, and been wrung by sharper anguish than you have ever known? If you had given any sign of affection, shown any wish to return to me, any shadow of regret for the wrong you had done me, I should have broken my wand like Prospero, and used no magic but the pardon of a faithful heart. You did not, and it has come to this. Before you condemn me, remember that you dared me to do it—that you bid me make my presence more powerful than Art—bid me convert you to my shadow, and subdue you till you came like a pet dog at my call. Have I not obeyed you? Have I not kept my part of the compact? Now keep yours."

There was something terrible in hearing words whose truth wounded while they fell, uttered in a voice whose concentrated passion made its tones distinct and deep, as if an accusing spirit read them from that book whose dread records never are effaced. My hot blood cooled, my harsh mood softened, and though it still burned, my resentment sank lower, for remembering the little life to be, I wrestled with myself, and won humility enough to say, with regretful energy:

"Forgive me, Agatha, and let this sad past sleep. I have wronged you, but I believed I sinned no more than many another man who, finding love dead, hoped to feed his hunger with friendship and ambition. I never thought of such an act till I saw affection in your face; that tempted me, and I tried to repay all you gave me by the offer of the hand you mutely asked. It was a bargain often made in this strange world of ours, often repented as we repent now. Shall we abide by it, and by mutual forbearance recover mutual peace? or shall I leave you free, to make life sweeter with a better man, and find myself poor and honest as when we met?"

Something in my words stung her; and regarding me with the same baleful aspect, she lifted her slender hand, so wasted since I made it mine, that the single ornament it wore dropped into her palm, and holding it up, she said, as if prompted by the evil genius that lies hidden in every heart:

"I will do neither. I have outlived my love, but pride still remains; and I will not do as you have done, take cold friendship or selfish ambition to fill an empty heart; I will not be pitied as an injured woman, or pointed at as one who staked all on a man's faith and lost; I will have atonement for my long-suffering—you owe me this, and I claim it. Henceforth you are the slave of the ring, and when I command you must obey, for I possess a charm you cannot defy. It is too late to ask for pity, pardon, liberty or happier life; law and gospel joined us, and as yet law and gospel cannot put us asunder. You have brought this fate upon yourself, accept it, submit to it, for I have bought you with my wealth, I hold you with my mystic art, and body and soul, Max Erdmann, you are mine!"

I knew it was all over then, for a woman never flings such taunts in her husband's teeth till patience, hope and love are gone. A desperate purpose sprang up within me as I listened, yet I delayed a moment before I uttered it, with a last desire to spare us both.

"Agatha, do you mean that I am to lead the life I have been leading for three months—a life of spiritual slavery worse than any torment of the flesh?"

"I do."

"Are you implacable? and will you rob me of all self-control, all peace, all energy, all hope of gaining that for which I have paid so costly a price?"

"I will."

"Take back all you have given me, take my good name, my few friends, my hard-earned success; leave me stripped of every earthly blessing, but free me from this unnatural subjection, which is more terrible to me than death?"

"I will not?"

"Then your own harsh decree drives me from you, for I will break the bond that holds me, I will go out of this house and never cross its threshold while I live—never look into the face which has wrought me all this ill. There is no law, human or divine, that can give you a right to usurp the mastery of another will, and if it costs life and reason I will not submit to it."

"Go when and where you choose, put land and sea between us, break what ties you may, there is one you cannot dissolve, and when I summon you, in spite of all resistance, you must come."

"I swear I will not!"

I spoke out of a blind and bitter passion, but I kept my oath. How her eyes glittered as she lifted up that small pale hand of hers, pointed with an ominous gesture to the ring, and answered:

"Try it."

As she spoke like a sullen echo came the crash of the heavy picture that hung before us. It bore Lady Macbeth's name, but it was a painted image of my wife. I shuddered as I saw it fall, for to my superstitious fancy it seemed a fateful incident; but Agatha laughed a low metallic laugh that made me cold to hear, and whispered like a sibilant:

"Accept the omen; that is a symbol of the Art you worship so idolatrously that a woman's heart was sacrificed for its sake. See where it lies in ruins at your feet, never to bring you honor, happiness or peace; for I speak the living truth when

tell you that your ambitious hopes will vanish like the cloud of dust now rising like a veil between us, and the memory of this year will haunt you day and night, till the remorse you painted shall be written upon heart, and face, and life. Now go!"

Her swift words and forceful gesture seemed to banish me for ever, and, like one walking in his sleep, I left her there, a stern, still figure, with its shattered image at its feet.

That instant I departed, but not far—for as yet I could not clearly see which way duty led me. I made no confidante, asked no sympathy or help, told no one of my purpose, but resolving to take no decisive step rashly, I went away to a country house of Agatha's, just beyond the city, as I had once done before when busied on a work that needed solitude and quiet, so that if gossip rose it might be harmless to us both. Then I sat down and thought. Submit I would not, desert her utterly I could not, but I dared defy her, and I did; for as if some voiceless spirit whispered the suggestion in my ear, I determined to oppose my will to hers, to use her weapons if I could, and teach her to be merciful through suffering like my own. She had confessed my power to draw her to me, in spite of coldness, poverty and all lack of the attractive graces women love; that clue inspired me with hope. I got books and pored over them till their meaning grew clear to me; I sought out learned men and gathered help from their wisdom; I gave myself to the task with indomitable zeal, for I was struggling for the liberty that alone made life worth possessing. The world believed me painting mimic woes, but I was living through a fearfully real one: friends fancied me busied with the mechanism of material bodies, but I was prying into the mysteries of human souls; and many envied my luxurious leisure in that leafy nest, while I was leading the life of a doomed convict, for as I kept my sinful vow so Agatha kept hers.

She never wrote, or sent, or came, but day and night she called me—day and night I resisted, saved only by the desperate means I used—means that made my one servant think me mad. I bid him lock me in my chamber; I dashed out at all hours to walk fast and far away into the lonely forest; I drowned consciousness in wine; I drugged myself with opiates, and when the crisis had passed, woke spent but victorious. All arts I tried, and slowly found that in this conflict of opposing wills my own grew stronger with each success, the other lost power with each defeat. I never wished to harm my wife, never called her, never sent a baneful thought or desire along that mental telegraph which stretched and thrilled between us; I only longed to free myself, and in this struggle weeks passed, yet neither won a signal victory, for neither proud heart knew the beauty of self-conquest and the power of submission.

One night I went up to the lonely tower that crowned the house, to watch the equinoctial storm that made a Pandemonium of the elements without. Rain streamed as if a second deluge was at hand; whirlwinds tore down the valley; the river chafed and foamed with an angry dash, and the city lights shone dimly through the flying mist as I watched them from my lofty room. The tumult suited me, for my own mood was stormy, dark and bitter, and when the cheerful fire invited me to bask before it I sat there wrapped in reveries as gloomy as the night. Presently the well-known premonition came with its sudden thrill through blood and nerves, and with a revenged strength never felt before I gathered up my energies for the trial, as I waited some more urgent summons. None came, but in its place a sense of power flashed over me, a swift exultation dilated within me, time seemed to pause, the present rolled away, and nothing but an isolated memory remained, for fixing my thoughts on Agatha, I gave myself up to the dominant spirit that possessed me. I sat motionless, yet I would to see her. Vivid as the flames that framed it, a picture started from the red embers, and clearly as if my bodily eye rested on it, I saw the well-known room, I saw my wife lying in a deep chair, wan and wasted as if with suffering of soul and body, I saw her grope with outstretched hands, and turn her head with eyes whose long lashes never lifted from the cheek where they lay so dark and still, and through the veil that seemed to wrap my senses I heard my own voice, strange and broken, whispering:

"God forgive me, she is blind!"

For a moment the vision wandered mistily before me, then grew steady, and I saw her steal like a wraith across the lighted room, so dark to her; saw her bend over a little white nest my own hands placed there, and lift some precious burden in her feeble arms; saw her grope painfully back again, and sitting by that other fire—not solitary like my own—lay her pale cheek to that baby cheek and seem to murmur some lullaby that mother-love had taught her. Over my heart strong and sudden gushed a warmth never known before, and again, strange and broken through the veil that wrapped my senses, came my own voice whispering:

"God be thanked, she is not utterly alone!"

As if my breath dissolved it, the picture faded; but I willed again and another rose—my studio, dim with dust, damp with long disuse, dark with evening gloom—for one flickering lamp made the white shapes ghostly, and the pictured faces smile or frown with fitful vividness. There was no semblance of my old self there, but in the heart of the desolation and the darkness Agatha stood alone, with outstretched arms and an imploring face, full of a love and longing so intense that with a wellcoming gesture and a cry that echoed through the room, I answered that mute appeal:

"Come to me! come to me!"

A gust thundered at the window, and rain fell like stormy tears, but nothing else replied; as the bright brands dropped the flame died out, and with it that picture of my deserted home. I longed to stir but could not, for I had called up a power I could not lay, the servant ruled the master now, and like

se fastened by a spell I still sat leaning forward, intent upon a single thought. Slowly from the gray embers smouldering on the hearth a third scene rose behind the smoke wreaths, changeable, dim and strange. Again my former home, again my wife, but this time standing on the threshold of the door I had sworn never to cross again. I saw the wattle of the cloak gathered about her, saw the rain beat on her shelterless head, and followed that slight figure through the deserted street, over the long bridge where the lamps flickered in a cold wind, along the leafy road, up the wide steps and in at the door whose closing echo started me to the consciousness that my pulses were beating with a mad rapidity, that a cold drowsiness upon my forehead, that every sense was supernaturally alert, and that all were fixed upon one point with a breathless intensity that made that little span of time as fearful as the moment when one hangs poised in air above a chasm in the grasp of nightmare. Suddenly I sprang erect, for through the uproar of the elements without, the awesome hush within, I heard steps ascending, and stood waiting in a speechless agony to see what shape would enter there.

One by one the steady footfalls echoed on my ear, one by one they seemed to bring the climax of some blind conflict nearer, one by one they knelled a human life away, for as the door swung open Agatha fell down before me, storm-beaten, haggard, spent, but loving still, for with a faint attempt to fold her hands submissively, she whispered: "You have conquered, I am here!" and with that act grew still for ever, as with a great shock I woke to see what I had done.

Ten years have passed since then. I sit on that same hearth a feeble, white-haired man, and beside me, the one companion I shall ever know, my little son—dumb, blind and imbecile. I lavish tender names upon him, but receive no sweet sound in reply; I gather him close to my desolate heart, but meet no answering caress; I look with yearning glance, but see only those haunting eyes, with no gleam of recognition to warm them, no ray of intellect to inspire them, no change to deepen their sightless beauty; and this fair body moulded with the Divine sculptor's gentlest grace is always here before me, an embodied grief that wrings my heart with its pathetic innocence, its dumb reproach. This is the visible punishment for my sin, but there is an unseen retribution heavier than human judgment could inflict, subtler than human malice could conceive, for with a power made more omnipotent by death Agatha still calls me. God knows I am willing now, that I long with all the passion of desire, the anguish of despair to go to her, and He knows that the one tie that holds me is this aimless little life, this duty that I dare not neglect, this long atonement that I make. Day and night I listen to the voice that whispers to me through the silence of these years; day and night I answer with a yearning cry from the depths of a contrite spirit; day and night I cherish the one sustaining hope that Death, the great consoler, will soon free both father and son from the inevitable doom a broken law has laid upon them; for then I know that somewhere in the long hereafter my remorseful soul will find her, and with its poor offering of penitence and love fall down before her, humbly saying: "You have conquered, I am here!"

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.—Lord John Russell's speech in Scotland has caused considerable discussion in France, since it shows a decided change in the action of the British Government. The Paris correspondent of the London Post denies that the Emperor has shown the Southern Confederacy any particular favor, beyond one or two personal interviews; there has been no more official recognition by the French Ministry than by the English, the only difference being that difference in national manners which have made the French polite and insincere, and the English surly and honest. It would seem as though an attempt would be made by the French Secessionists to "smuggle the rams" into some French port, from whence they might sail, throwing the onus upon France, who, certainly fears no more a war with the United States than she does with Austria and Prussia, despite all the balderdash of our London contrabandists, who write so puerily about the effect our Gillmore guns have had upon European Governments.

FRANCE.—The brute stolidity of Russia seems to have checked the Allied Powers. Every one knew directly after Russell stated in the House of Lords that England, under no circumstances, would go to war for Poland, that their remonstrances, however warlike they sounded, would have no effect upon a power at once so barbarous and cunning as the oppressor of Poland and the murderer of Hungary. Louis Napoleon seems to have dropped the matter for the present, and turned his attention to Mexico. The conditions attached by Maximilian to his acceptance of the Mexican Crown render it nugatory. It would seem as though the land of the Montezumas was to be handed over to the Popish Power and the French. One thing is certain, order will evoke out of these, while anarchy has been the rule there for the last 40 years. The territory held by the French is a mere road to the capital.

GERMANY.—The Prussians would appear to have submitted to the fate and Bismarck! since royal prerogative rides triumphant over constitutional rights.

RUSSIA.—The Emperor has opened a sort of Parliament in Finland, and has promised the people a constitution. He might as well give a copy of Shakespeare to the Chimpanses! "What will they do with it?"

JAPAN.—The text advisers are looked for with considerable interest. It looks as though the Teycon had favored the foreigners against the Daimios.

THE peach crop of Michigan this year is estimated at over 300,000 baskets, produced principally upon the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, in the vicinity of St. Joseph river. The best orchards are within two or three miles of the lake; and it is owing principally to the moist lake winds that heavy frosts are kept away, rendering a total failure of the fruit crop of rare occurrence. One man—Mr. Geo. Parmelee—has 9,000 trees, about two miles from Brown's Harbor, directly on the lake shore, elevated about 150 feet above the water, and he has not failed for 16 years to have a good crop.

THE GRAVE AND THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

The grave said: "Lovely bloom, What dost thou with all The tears which morning for thee detheth fall?"

The rose said: "Sombre tomb, What dost thou with all The thorns that down thy dark abysses fall?"

The rose with blushing pride Answered: "O tomb! each tear To rarest perfume turneth in my shade!" Brightening, the grave replied: "And all who enter here Again go forth in angel robes arrayed."

George Perry.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

(Concluded from page 84.)

many who have graduated to fortune from the philosophical teachings of Dr. Lowell Mason. His first idea of harmony was derived from Sumner Hill, an excellent organist and a gentleman, as modest as a turtledove. So diligent was he in his studies that in three or four years he became himself a teacher of piano and singing, and also a practised organist. His success was most flattering, but he longed for a new and wider field for his exertions, and his steps naturally turned towards New York.

In 1840 he left Boston and came to this city, and at once commenced to make his name known and his influence felt. He began by instituting free singing schools for children, both in this city and Brooklyn. The idea soon became immensely popular, and thousands of children flocked to his free academies, to receive his instruction. By-and-by he inaugurated children's concerts, at which 500 and sometimes 1,000 little cherubs, dressed in uniform white, joined their voices in chorus, while others sang songs or duets. It was certainly a beautiful sight; and often have we seen the Old Tabernacle crowded even to the entry on such occasions. The notoriety derived from this course of action naturally secured him powerful friends, and drew around him a large and lucrative teaching connection. It also, as naturally, gained him much enmity among his professional rivals, which resolved itself at last in a meeting to adopt means to put him down. The only plan they could hit upon was to all agree to teach for nothing, but on summing up the profits to be derived from that course they failed to see the advantage, and concluded to let him alone.

But they had a chance at last. Some philosophical hater has said, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" Bradbury did that thing, and, urged on by his enemies, the critics pitched in "without gloves." This alarmed his publisher, who insisted that the errors should be corrected or the work be cancelled. The poor author was not over certain of his musical grammar, for composition needs rigid study and considerable practice; he looked around for some one to assist him, and at last, in despair, he threw himself upon the kindness of the well-known Mr. Hastings, offering him anything in his power if he would help him out of the scrape. The errors being very trifling, were soon corrected, and the evils of his enemies and the snarlings of the press were for ever silenced. One marked good result from this small trouble in the business relations which were entered between Messrs. Bradbury & Hastings; for though, when applying for assistance, Bradbury vowed he would never be caught writing a book again, within a few years he wrote and published jointly with Hastings four books of church music, all of which were great successes.

His second book was called "The School Singer," which ran through a large number of editions, and which, although 20 years old, is still frequently called for. This was followed by a number of small works for schools and for Sabbath schools, all of which were well received, and paid both author and publisher handsomely. In 1844 the first book by Hastings & Bradbury appeared. It was called "The Psalmist." The second book, "The New York Choralest," was published in 1846, the success in both instances far exceeding the anticipation of the authors.

During these years of labor and excitement he had studied faithfully, and having accumulated property by his industry and the extraordinary sale of his books, he determined to finish his studies at the fountain head of art—Germany. He left New York with his family in 1847, and went direct to Leipzig, where he studied earnestly and diligently the various branches of his art, under the best masters, for nearly two years. He was advised to study harmony and composition under the well-known Moritz Hauptmann. His reception by that master was a very pleasant one, but before commencing his studies Hauptmann requested him to send him some of his works, so that he might judge where to commence with him. Bradbury sent him his last books, and on calling the next day, Hauptmann said to him, "I have examined your works, and I see that you are a musician already. I shall only have to carry you forward—you have nothing to retract." Besides his studies in harmony and composition with Hauptmann, Mr. Bradbury studied vocal music with Boehme, piano with Wenzel, and the organ with a first-class professor. Having finished his studies, he made an extended tour through Switzerland, delighted once more to breathe the pure air on a soil as free as that of his own native land.

Among the pleasantest recollections of his life in Germany was his interview with the veteran pianist and composer Moschelles. Kind and courteous in his manner, his words were golden apothegms of art, always to be remembered. He talked of the piano as if it were his child, and his remarks as to its faults, its wants, and the improvements which he deemed possible, were valuable hints to the future maker of pianos.

Within three doors of his house lived the immortal author of St. Paul, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Revered and honored for his genius and goodness, it was a sad day to the whole city the day of his death. The death, the funeral, the brief look at the calm face, so beautiful in its last sleep, so impressed Mr. Bradbury, that, as a token of memory, admiration and respect, he named the book which he had written while in Germany, "The Mendelssohn Collection." And as a further remembrance of the great man so early lost, on hearing from his tutor that the grand piano which he had hired had been a favorite instrument of Mendelssohn, he purchased it and brought to his country home in New Jersey.

One more thing he brought from the land of music—a new daughter, born upon the soil, and inheriting the genius of the country, and whom he now calls his German child.

From the time of his return home in 1849 until he commenced the business of manufacturing pianofortes, he devoted his entire attention to teaching and to composing and publishing church music books, glee books and other musical works, to the number of some 30 volumes. He was also constantly called to conduct large musical conventions in all sections of the country—a duty which still further increased his reputation, and added greatly to his popularity. His last work, published in 1858, was called "The Jubilee." He had bestowed extra care upon this book, and his labor was well rewarded, for the sale not only exceeded that of all his previous works, but of any work by any other author. More than 200,000 copies were sold in an extraordinary brief space of time.

In 1854 Wm. B. Bradbury, in connection with his brother, E. G. Bradbury, commenced the piano business with a well-known firm, which had been gradually growing into popularity. He had from the commencement of his musical studies paid close attention to the construction of the pianofortes, and

was familiar with all its points. He had noted the peculiarities of every maker, and his close inquiries in connection with the subject, while in Germany, threw much light upon certain imperfections which could be found, more or less, in all instruments. He was, therefore, in an understanding of the business, and was prepared to lead the advance in improvements.

Large as were the sales of the firm before Mr. Bradbury's name was associated with it, so widely spread was his reputation, so universal was the name of Bradbury known, at the end of one year the business had doubled, and at the close of the third year he boasts a sales of the extraordinary result of a single business increasing in that brief period over two hundred per cent.

In 1862 Mr. Wm. B. Bradbury retired from the firm and commenced business on his own account. He had plans of his own to carry out, connected with the improvement of the pianoforte, which could only be done by resorting to a series of experiments, conducted entirely under his own supervision, and subject only to his control. The result of these well-calculated experiments was the production of his *New Scale*. The instruments made upon this scale were at once submitted to professional criticism and judgment, and the opinions elicited were in every case of the most flattering description. An idea may be formed of the value and extent of the professional endorsement of Mr. Bradbury's *New Scale* Pianofortes from a few of the written opinions which we subjoin.

Gottschalk, the renowned pianist and composer, after careful and thorough examination of Wm. B. Bradbury's *New Scale* Pianofortes, says:

"New York, July 12, 1863.

"I have examined, with great care, Mr. Wm. B. Bradbury's *New Scale* Pianofortes, and it is my opinion that they are very superior instruments.

"I have especially remarked their thorough workmanship, and the power, purity, richness and equality of their tone. I recommend, therefore, these instruments to the public in general, and doubt not of their success."

L. M. GOTTSCALK.

The eminent pianist William Mason gives the following opinion:

"New York, July 25, 1863.

"MR. BRADBURY.—Dear Sir.—After repeated tests of your *New Scale* Pianofortes in almost every variety of musical composition and expression, I find that they possess, in the highest degree, all the essentials of a perfect pianoforte.

"The grandness, purity, equality and duration of tone are combined in a degree rarely to be met with, while the elasticity and perfection of the action gives the most rapid response to the touch. I consider them a very superior instrument, and as such they will command the highest commendation of the artist, the critic or amateur. Yours, very truly,

WM. MASON.

Another eminent pianist, J. N. Pattison, gives the following judgment:

"New York, September 8, 1863.

"MR. WM. B. BRADBURY.—Dear Sir.—Having thoroughly examined and tried your *New Scale* Pianofortes, I take great pleasure in recommending them to those desiring a superior instrument. For duration, fullness and singing quality of tone, elasticity and delicacy of touch, and perfect workmanship throughout, I consider them equal to any I have seen."

J. N. PATTISON.

William Berge, teacher and director of the music at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, says:

"New York, July 21, 1863.

"The severe test which your *New Scale* Pianos received at the late examination of the pupils of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Manhattanville, where they were used in company with ten others of the different manufacturers of distinction, have fully proved their superior excellence. I can therefore confidently recommend them for their superior quality of tone, power, purity, equality and their touch, which enables the performer to give a truthful interpretation to the classical compositions of the great masters; and I must say that I have never played with so much satisfaction as the two hours enjoyed by me in performing on your instruments."

W. BERGE.

C. Bassini, the celebrated cultivator of the voice, says:

"New York, April 13, 1863.

"MR. WM. B. BRADBURY.—Dear Sir.—Your Pianos are truly beautiful, and I take pleasure in giving my testimony in their favor. In power, richness, purity and equality of tone they certainly excel; while for that peculiar rich, singing tone, that is so invaluable as an accompaniment to the voice, sustaining it and blending with it, I have rarely met with their equal. I rejoice in your great success."

C. BASSINI.

The following is a round robin of commendation, signed by the most prominent artists of the metropolitan city of America:

"We have examined with much care Wm. B. Bradbury's *New Scale* Pianofortes, and it is our opinion that in power, purity, richness, equality of tone and thorough workmanship Mr. Bradbury's instruments excel."

"We find great brilliancy and a beautiful singing quality of tone most happily blended. We have rarely seen a square pianoforte combining so many of these qualities essential to a perfect instrument."

S. B. Mills; Wm. Mason; Harry Sanderson; Chas. Fradel; Chas. Wells; A. Baglioli; Max Maretzek; Theo. Hagen, Editor New York Musical Review; Geo. W. Morgan; Charles Grobe; John H. Ickler; M. Strakosch; Care W. Beams; Robert Stoepe; Theo. Mosling."

Such testimonials from such eminent sources render any comment of ours unnecessary. But, Mr. Bradbury has still further triumphs to record. Within the past month he has received medals for the best pianos exhibited from the New York State Fair; from the Ohio State Fair; from the Illinois State Fair; from the Pennsylvania State Fair; and the gold medal from the New Jersey State Fair, and the Fair of the American Institute in New York city. The judges at the Fair of the American Institute were Gottschalk, B. R. Clark W. Beams and F. H. Brown. The following letter from one of these gentlemen was received by Mr. Bradbury:

"MR. W. B. BRADBURY.—Dear Sir.—You have the Gold Medal! We congratulate you on being the successful competitor for the FIRST PRIZE GOLD MEDAL for the BEST PIANOFORTE at the Fair of the American Institute, at the Academy of Music. Your instruments fully merit this award for their richly beautiful, voluminous tone; so powerful, yet so sweet."

"Yours very truly,

CLARE W. BEAMES."

It is hardly possible to add any praise beyond the commendation given above. We can only say that we agree in every particular with the eulogiums therein expressed. They are instruments beautiful in every respect, and worthy of the implicit confidence of the public.

The splendid reputation which these instruments have achieved in the brief space of one year has created for them an extraordinary demand, that Mr. Bradbury has been compelled to double his manufacturing facilities. The large manufactory which our illustration represents was found altogether too small. Another house has been added to it, and two other factories, for the special branches of the business, are now in full operation. A success so rapid, so triumphant, and so deserved, has rarely if ever been achieved. We doubt if any parallel to it can be found in the music chronicles of the country.

In a recent number of the *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique*, Professor Malaguti, of Rennes, publishes a series of experiments, leading, as he says, to the conclusion that the solubility of gesso is increased by maceration in water, and that the liquid form of application, on that as on other grounds, is the best.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE OFFICE-SEEKERS.

WHILE the Government steamer was taking Admiral Milne, Lord Lyons, Mr. Secretary Seward and others some few days ago to visit Mount Vernon, the conversation turned upon the President. We need hardly give Lord Lyons's opinion, since all know he considers him one of the ablest men of the age, one who hides under a genial simplicity of manner great firmness of character and true sublimity of soul; a man, in fact, who never loses his self-balance. This view a recent English writer has taken in a discourse the text of which is Mr. Lincoln's *same soci* letter to Hackett the comedian. Everybody also knows that the "Sage of Auburn" Seward, has a high opinion of his chief. When Lord Lyons had finished his remarks upon the President, Mr. Seward says: "Gentlemen, I will tell you one thing, Mr. Lincoln never tells a joke for the joke's sake, they are like the parables of old—lessons of wisdom. Let me give you an instance. When he first came to Washington he was inundated with office-seekers. There was Jem Lane, Jack Street, Joe Avenue and Gus Swamp. One day he was particularly afflicted; about twenty place-hunters from all parts of the Union had taken possession of his room with bales of credentials and self-recommendations ten miles long. After a time the President said:

"Gentlemen, I must tell you a little story I read one day when I was minding a mudcow in one of the barns near the Yazoo. A certain king had a minister upon whose judgment he always depended, just as I do upon my friend here," pointing to me, said Seward, blushing.

"Now it happened that one day the king took it into his head to go a hunting, and after summoning his nobles and making the necessary preparations, he summoned the minister and asked him if it would rain. The minister told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed.

"While journeying along they met a countryman on a jackass. He advised them to return, 'for,' said he, 'it will certainly rain.' They snarled contemptuously upon him and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up, they were drenched to the skin.

"When they had returned to the palace the king reprimanded the minister severely.

"I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not."

"The king then gave him his walking papers, and sent for the countryman, who made his appearance.

"Tell me," said the king, 'how you knew it would rain?'

"I didn't know," said the rustic, 'my jackass told me.'

"And how, pray, did he tell you?" asked the king.

"By pricking up his ears, your majesty," returned the rustic.

"The king sent the countryman away, and procuring the jackass of him, put him (the jackass) in the place the minister had filled.

"And here," observed Mr. Lincoln, looking very wise, "is where the king made a great mistake."

"How so?" inquired his auditors eagerly.

"Why, ever since that time," said Mr. Lincoln, with a grin, "every jackass wants an office."

"Gentlemen, leave your credentials, and when the war is over you'll hear from me!"

"So saying, he turned to me and said, 'Mr. Seward, let us read these dispatches from the Emperor of Russia in Mrs. Lincoln's bedroom, where we shall be undisturbed—so off we went.'"

A DUMMY WIFE.

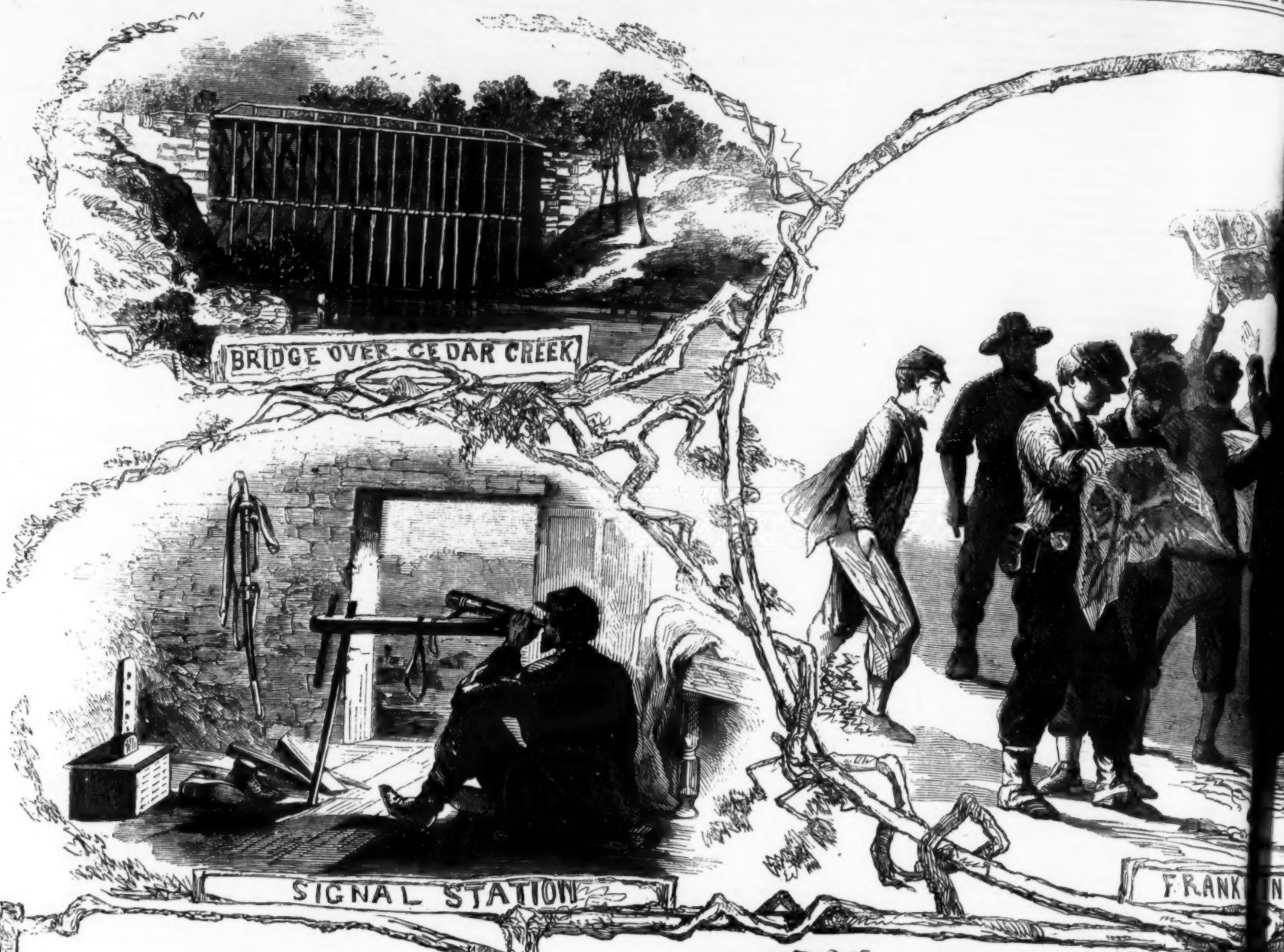
AN English traveller, who is an interesting writer, and who has been "vagabondizing" in Algeria, gives the following account of a singular addition to the harem of an Arab chieftain:

They have a legend at Constantina tending to show that Arabs cannot always abstain from looking into shop-windows. When the Sidi Abd-er-Rahman-Djellab ruled at Tuggurt, in the region of the Wed Rhir, he was in the habit of sending a messenger occasionally to Constantia (then recently occupied by the French), to make purchases and collect news. In the process of time he remarked that, however the accounts of his informants might vary in other particulars about the city, they all agreed on one point, viz., that there was, in a certain street at Constantina, a damsel whose beauty surpassed the most extravagant conceptions of their most imaginative poets. Now Abd-er-Rahman-Djellab was at this time in a depressed state of mind. There was a vacancy in his heart and harem.

He was a widower to an extent that may be represented by the vulgar fraction one-quarter; for the favorite, fairest and fattest of his four wives, Ghazal, "the gazelle," who weighed nearly 20 stone, had just died. These tales of the Constantinian beauty excited, first, curiosity, and then a warmer and stronger passion; and he called to him his majordomo, a faithful person and a man of judgement, and bade him go to the city of Constantina, and bring back a true report. And the majordomo replied, "I hear and obey," and went, and returned, and reported, saying—"It is true, O my master, what thy servant has said, and there is no lie in it at all. I myself have seen her. Her cheeks are like ripe pomegranates, and her eyebrows are curved like the branch of the palm-tree, and her hair resembles the tail of El Wards, the mare of the Prophet, whose name he extolled! And all day she sits in the window of her father's house, which is indeed a mean casement for so bright a jewel, and steadfastly regards the persons who pass by, smiling in a manner that deprives the beholders of reason."

Then the heart of Abd-er-Rahman was inflamed, and he gave a large sum in douras to the majordomo, and told him to go to Constantina, and bring back the damsel at any cost. And the majordomo departed, and went to the house of the damsel's father, and finding the father at the door of the house, he mentioned his mission, and explained that he came on the part of a mighty prince of the south, to demand in marriage his daughter the fair damsel who habitually sat in the window smiling; and that he was prepared to offer a handsome marriage portion. Whereupon the father was much perplexed; for, indeed, he had no daughter. He was only a hairdresser from Marseilles, who cut for the officers of the garrison, and curled for their wives; and the damsel was but a dummy, a waxwork figure which he had placed in his window as an indication of his profession. But the majordomo was a man of a literal turn of mind, and as he had been instructed, under severe penalties, not to return without the damsel, he bought the image, and it became one of the chief ornaments of his master's harem. And Abd-er-Rahman-Djellab, who was a man of pleasant humor and also of vast matrimonial experience, has been heard to say—so the story goes—that there were worse wives, so far as peace and quietness were concerned, than the one he got from Constantina.

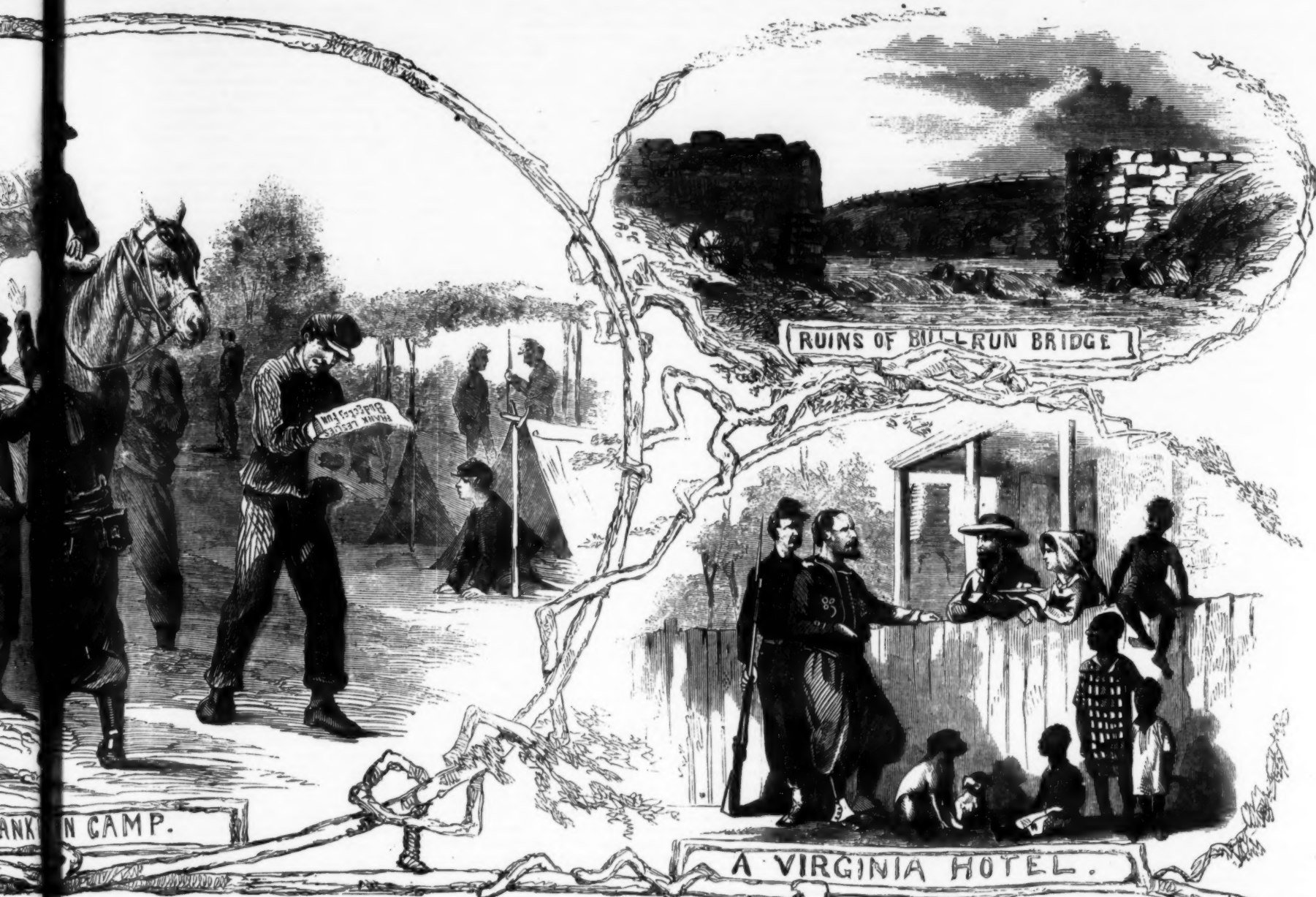
A NEW CEMENT FOR STEAM JOINTS, ETC.—Plumbago has been introduced as the basis of a superior cement for steam joints, and the general metallic connections of the engineer. It is composed of six parts of plumbago, three of slackened lime, eight of sulphate of baryta and three of boiled linseed oil. This compound, it is said, secures a perfectly airtight and steamtight joint, much superior to that obtained by the use of red lead.



A VIRGINIA FARMER BY DAY.



NEWSBOYS CAMP



SONG FOR THINKERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Take the spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every rotten root of Faction
Hurry out and cast aside;
Every stubborn weed of Error,
Every seed that hurts the soil,
Trees, whose very growth is terror—
Dig them out whate'er the toll.

Give the stream of Education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of Persecution
Out where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength in self-exertion;
Work, and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to Fortune;
Make the road to Honor straight!

Men are agents for the future;
As they work, so ages win
Either harvests of advancement,
Or the products of their sin;
Follow out true cultivation;
Widen Education's plan;
From the Majesty of Nature
Teach the Majesty of Man!

Take the spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of Progress wide,
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside:
Feed the plant whose fruit is Wisdom;
Cleanse from crime the common sod,
So that from the Throne of Heaven
It may bear the glance of God.

THE HEIRESS OF ELKINGTON.

PART I.

My father dwelt beside the Tyns,
A wealthy lord was he,
And all his wealth was marked as mine,
For he had only me.
To woo me from his tender arms
Unnumbered suitors came,
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feigned a flame.

On a dismal November morning a silent family party were assembled at breakfast, in the library at Elkington Priory.

The cause of the gloom which prevailed will be easily explained.

The handsome, brown-haired, haughty-looking girl, who is pouring out her father's coffee (and who just now cast a furtive glance at the contents of the postbag, arranged before him for distribution), is at this present moment sole, undisputed heiress to the magnificent Elkington property. She is, moreover, very nearly of age, and on that day week will attain her majority: but there is no happy expectation to be read in the sparkle of those dark eyes, which, set in their starlike beauty, under the low classical brows, have a power of their own, of which their young owner is haughtily and somewhat disdainfully conscious.

She is so accustomed to adulation that it has lost its charm, and ceases to create much emotion in her feminine breast. But there is, alas! the strongest, the bitterest and the most baneful of human passions now raging within it—the passion of jealousy, and of her twin sister, hate. It is the dull light of those smouldering fires which burns in the beautiful eyes, and gives an expression to the whole countenance of gloom and reserve, not natural in one so young.

The events of the next few days, which that silent family party so drearily await, are full of importance to Ella Elkington; her fate is trembling in the balance, for her stepmother is daily expecting to bring a child into the world, who, if it prove a son, will rob the young reigning monarch of the inheritance which for twenty years has been looked upon as her own; of the crown and sceptre which she has worn so proudly, and which will then devolve on a pining infant, who will be hailed as the son and heir.

The elderly gentleman, who looks cowed and hopeless in the presence of the unpropitious feminine element of his family, does not appear either happy or triumphant, in the prospect of an heir to the house, of which he has been for fifty years the sole male representative; and his wife, in whom we might at least expect to detect some flash of latent joy, in the prospect of increased importance (and of what is so dear to the heart of an ambitious woman, of power), looks more sad and depressed than her husband or her stepdaughter.

She is the prey of an undefined terror, which the rosy light of hope can neither annihilate nor dispel; it haunts her by night, and sits by her side through the day. She is no longer young; her health has latterly visibly declined, and from a strong, healthy woman she has lapsed into a nervous invalid; she looks forward to the prospect of her approaching maternity with feelings of unmitigated fear; any allusion to it driving the blood to her heart with such dangerous precipitancy, that one who loves her so little as her stepdaughter is moved with pity for her on these occasions; and her maid, the only creature in the world who really cares for her, shakes her head in the housekeeper's room, and says, on the morning of which I speak, "My mistress will never get over it, Mrs. Bouncer. Mark my words! I tell you that she will never get over it."

To these desponding remarks Mrs. Bouncer makes no reply. She is thinking of her master, the hale old man of a year ago, broken visibly under the turbulent reign of an ill-tempered woman enduring physical suffering for the first time in her life.

They all pitied him; his old servants and depend-

ents pitied him; his daughter pitied him most of all. No mortal but herself had seen the tear which gathered in his eye, and trickled down his wrinkled cheek, as he sealed and directed the letter which was to order a costly offering for his daughter on her approaching birthday. She well knew the source of it. The diamond bracelet and the lost inheritance, the sparkling jewels and the clouded fate—his senile folly was repented, but not until it was too late; that bitter tear had a very bitter source his daughter felt, and the sight of it wrung her generous heart to the core. Flinging her warm young arms round his drooping neck, she said—

"Father, I can bear anything but this; if the inheritance I may lose could buy back that one tear—it may be hers, it may be his," she added with a strange smile, "his with all my heart and soul. Father, you shall not be unhappy; you have me still; not all the heirs in Christendom shall come between you and me."

Poor Ella! they maligning you who said that you were cold and heartless. If you could hate keenly, you could love with all the fervor of an ardent soul.

A dangerous temperament that which knows no medium, whose emotions are passions, whether of joy or sorrow, of love or hate—a dangerous temperament indeed!

To explain fully the complication of family interests and feuds, which had sown strife among the inmates of Elkington Priory, it will be necessary to go back to the time of the "Squire's" courtship of its present mistress; to the time when that pale, sickly-looking woman was a dashing, clever widow, and first made havoc in a breast which had been so long constant to the memory of one beloved object, that the most active feminine imagination (with one exception) had ceased to speculate upon the bestowal of its affections elsewhere.

Mrs. de Vere, the widow who accomplished the deed, had taken a cottage ornée in the neighborhood of the Priory. There are people who go so far as to say that she took it with the intention of becoming the second Mrs. Elkington, but with such slander our innocuous pen has nothing to do. We have only to mention facts; and to remark that with a reputation for flirting, more than was altogether in keeping with the widow's weeds but lately cast aside; with being freer with promises than with cheques to the tradesmen who were dazzled by her fashionable entourage; and for being not altogether what dignified, home-loving matrons call "the thing," she managed that her thoroughbred ponies should stamp the smooth gravel coach roads of the best houses in—shire, and that the aristocratic and somewhat exclusive owners of them should eventually succumb to the intolerable pressure of boredom, which she brought to bear upon them, and allow her to consider herself, as she expressed it, "one of themselves."

In the hunting field Mrs. de Vere's upright, firm figure, which was too squarely built for grace, but which was in keeping with the showy, rather vulgar beauty of her face, was as well known as that of the master of the hounds. She did not ride much, but she attended all the meets, and was as much dreaded by the real hunting men as she was sought by the butterfly sportsmen, who had no more idea of what the hounds were about than the would-be Diana herself.

On one of these occasions she had been accompanied by a remarkably handsome young man, whom she introduced to her acquaintances as her brother, Capt. Blayne. He was not in the least like his sister, for his features were refined as well as regular, and his mouth in particular was remarkable for mobility and beauty of expression. His manners were quiet; but Mrs. de Vere knew well enough that the nameless fascination which makes men popular with women was his, and that he was admitted and sought after in circles which, with all her dash and daring, she could never hope to enter.

She was not without a hope, however, that these singular attractions might, in the country (where people are less on their guard against ineligible acquaintances than in town), open a road for her to a certain exclusive lady set, who had hitherto steadily repelled her advances—Ella Elkington, the beauty and heiress, being one of the most obdurate of the number.

On the day in question the young lady, she knew, would be out with her father, and she was fully determined, by hook or by crook, to effect her bold design.

It was a glorious hunting morning, and a larger field than usual were assembled at the favorite meet, Finchley Dingle. Mrs. de Vere, mounted on a showy chestnut, which she called "Change for a Sovereign," because, as she explained to her attendant cavaliers, who were rather tired of the joke, "nothing went faster," gazed anxiously down the by-lane which led to the Priory, fearful that Miss Elkington would not be out after all. Her fears on that head proved groundless; another minute or two, and she was gazing with envy at the graceful girl, mounted and dressed to perfection, making her courteous acknowledgments to the crowd of adherents who pressed about her horse, a hot, young thoroughbred, which, against her father's anxious advice, his wayward mistress had insisted upon riding to hounds that day for the first time.

As the widow gazed (outside the charmed circle, whose limits she could not pass) at the well-set, finely-mounted head, at the neat, workmanlike costume, at the elegance and quiet of Miss Elkington's whole turnout, she felt, for once in her life, that she was extinguished and outdone.

She actually blushed in uneasy consciousness of her red feather and her loud tie, of her stamping scow, and of her fast acquaintance. She realised at last that there was a gulf between her and the heiress which was as impassable as it was impassible; and the empty and rather impertinent chaff of her young men adherents seemed stale, flat and unprofitable, now that she had an opportunity of

comparing that sort of adulation with the respectful homage which the well-bred courtesy of her rival exacted and received. Her hopes with regard to intimacy with the Elkingtons fell rapidly.

She could have worked her way with the good-natured, genial squire, but that haughty, self-possessed girl, she quailed under her supercilious stare, for so she called the somewhat amazed glance of the heiress, who had hitherto heard much but seen little of the dashing widow, with whom she now felt she never could have anything in common.

Capt. Blayne was not at that moment at his sister's side; she saw, with admiring approbation, with what easy nonchalance he entered the charmed circle, and obtained an introduction to the squire and his lovely daughter. The first step was thus taken towards the acquaintance which she so ardently desired, and she knew that the game was in able and willing hands, for her brother possessed, in an eminent degree, that nameless fascination, which, while it insures the smiles of women, is looked upon with simulated contempt, but with inward jealousy, by the less captivating of the ruder sex.

The words "puppy!" "dandy!" "butterfly!" were liberally applied to the handsome captain by those who, piquing themselves upon being essentially sportsmen, looked upon the appearance of ladies and ladies' men in the huntingfield as a wicked innovation. Capt. Blayne had not as yet shown what he was made of, or displayed the capabilities of the fine Irish mare, whose splendid condition was the admiration of those learned in horsemanship, and whose wild, fiery eye spoke of the "lurking devil" within, which made Kate O'Shane a valuable possession to a first-rate horseman only.

"Keep clear of Miss Elkington's horse, if you please, gentlemen," said the rather fidgety squire. "I wish, my dear child, you would be persuaded to ride something less cantankerous to meet hounds."

And Abd-el-Kader, to keep up the character so ungraciously bestowed, commenced a series of capers and plunges as he caught the first notes of the hounds breaking cover, which made the squire turn pale, and the gallant captain, whose mare knew that her work was before her, and made no waste of superfluous energy in frolic at the cover side, draw, without any intrusive demonstration, a little nearer to her bridle rein.

As the hounds broke away with the melodious cry, which is the sweetest music in the ears of horses and men which can wake the echoes of the winter woods, the huntsman jumped his old horse Whiff, who was rather stiff in his joints, and required a little humoring as to the height of his fences, over a gap immediately in front of the little group, now diminished to three in number, which excited Miss Elkington's horse to such a maddening extent that he became restive and finally unmanageable; and after shaking his head with a sort of defiance of the small but determined hands, which were equally bent upon having a will of their own, Abd-el-Kader followed the example of the hounds, and broke away, rushing down the hillside with the fury and rapidity of a torrent escaping from a temporary dam. Fortunately for the equanimity of the master of the pack, Abd-el-Kader's excitable temperament ignored the delights of the chase so far that he did not feel it incumbent upon him to follow the lead of the hounds, who must in such a case have suffered from so mad an outbreak on his part, but struck out an original line, which he seemed bent on pursuing, heedless of consequences to himself.

Capt. Blayne, who was a cool, calm young officer, not easily surprised out of his presence of mind, immediately planned a counter-evolution, whose pros he had accepted, and whose cons he had absolutely rejected, before the squire had fully taken in that his daughter's horse was running away, or that he was for the time being the most miserable and helpless of elderly gentlemen, whose whole hope in life was dependent upon one reckless stake.

Capt. Blayne had determined to race Abd-el-Kader in a parallel direction, until the superior strength and speed of Kate O'Shane should enable him to turn suddenly and confront him, thereby arresting his course, before he reached the brook which ran through the open, over which he was then galloping with such determined speed.

Mrs. de Vere, who, deserted by her cavaliers, had been about to return home with her groom, did not lose her presence of mind either on the occasion. She reined in her showy chestnut, and hastened to the squire's side; who, speechless, and apparently paralyzed with fright, was about to put his cob to his speed to join the desperate chase.

"My dear sir," she said, eagerly, "let me advise you. Be calm. Leave Miss Elkington's rescue to my brother. He will effect it, rest assured. Do not attempt to follow them. Do let me persuade you. See, my brother gains upon Miss Elkington; his horse is a noted steeplechaser; your daughter's has no chance against such a stride as that. He has wheeled round. He is cutting her off. Now again they are neck and neck. He would not stop her too abruptly; he has hold of her reins. Compose yourself, my dear, dear sir; and let me congratulate you. Miss Elkington is safe!"

"Thank God! thank God!" said the old man, as he burst into tears and sobbed like a child. "God bless your brother, madam, whoever he is; he is a noble fellow! God bless him! God bless him!" And then the cob was indeed put to his speed. And with the showy chestnut, and the red feather in his wake, the squire hastened towards the spot where the blowing and foam-flecked steeds were standing quiet and at rest, while a few words were exchanged between the two who had just ridden such a headlong race, as it seemed, for life or death.

The heiress never looked handsomer or more fascinating than at that moment. Flushed (and her face was one which a flush became), excited, breathless, but not in the least shaken or alarmed, with the dignity that was natural to her she thanked her deliverer for his timely rescue. Cool, calm

and collected, with the deepest demonstration respect he received her thanks, while the thought uppermost in his mind was that Ella Elkington was, without exception, the loveliest girl that he had ever seen. If a vision of her reputed wealth at the same time flashed across the vision of his mental vision, we will only remark upon that score, that if Capt. Blayne was an Adonis and a hero, in the eyes of every woman who ever listened to the modulated accents which fell from a mouth moulded in nature's most perfect cast, to the author, the valet de chambre, of his mental attributes, he is but a mortal man after all.

And thus the wish the nearest the widow's heart was accomplished, an introduction to the family at Elkington Priory. It grew and increased beyond her most sanguine hopes; and rumor went so far as to state that the pretty heiress was not altogether indifferent to the attentions of her brother, Capt. Blayne, who made the cottage his home during his long leave, and on non-hunting days scarcely ever missed the opportunity of riding over to the Priory, or of driving Mrs. de Vere, whom Ella now pronounced to be a goodnatured woman, but whose amusement (imprudent Ella!) she generally left to the squire, while she talked and laughed, and (shall we acknowledge it) flirted with the gallant officer of dragoons, who, as might be imagined, was not in any way loth. As his leave drew towards an end, he was, in fact, bold enough, upon the strength of the encouragement given, to hazard a proposal, which was declined in such a manner as not to preclude all hope.

"I cannot think of marrying yet, Captain Blayne," said the young heiress, laughingly; but there was a slight stress upon the last word, which seemed to hint that when the auspicious moment did arrive it would be as well if it found her present companion at his post. "I shall not think of marrying until I am of age; and that will be for two years to come."

During the spring and summer months Captain Blayne paid frequent short visits to the cottage, and the latter end of August saw him once more located there for his long leave. Mrs. de Vere had in the meanwhile worked her way so far as to be more than tolerated by Ella, and to be quite essential to the squire, who was fond of the lively gossip with which she entertained him.

On the sunny August afternoon, Ella and her lover strolled together on the wide terrace walk which was enlivened by all the windows of all the sitting-rooms in the house.

"It is very hot here," at last remarked Ernest Blayne; but as that gallant officer had encountered the fierce Indian sun with impunity, and his hardy constitution been none worse for it, we must be pardoned if we hold the assertion that he was inconvenienced by those mild August sunbeams in polite disbelief.

"I like it," was the lady's reply, who perhaps knew for certain what we have only hinted at, that her companion only wished for an opportunity of forsaking their rather public promenade for one of a more sequestered kind. "I like it; it cannot be too hot for me," she added, taking off her hat, and letting the sun play amongst the thick tresses of hair, which only wanted more decided hues to make it perfectly beautiful. "It was somewhat of too dead a brown," young ladies, her contemporaries—who of course were the best judges in such a delicate question—said; but however that may have been, Capt. Blayne would have been very glad to have had a lock of the silken appendage to take back with him that afternoon; as an outward sign of the favor in which he believed (and not without reason) that he was held in the heart of the young heiress to the Priory, and to a clear forty thousand a year, which we believe made a very pretty background (and upon our word and honor, and in the unromantic character of valet-de-chambre to the young man's mental attributes, we assert it only a background) to the picture of conjugal felicity which had lately dawned upon the imagination of that aspiring captain of dragoons.

As it was not probable that so precious a gift would be made under the supervision of four footmen in scarlet plush, who were removing the luncheon from the dining-room, or of the squire and the widow who entertained each other in the library, the tactics of the young man were to effect, at all hazards, a retreat to the conventional shady grove, in which lovers have chosen to walk from the beginning, and in which they will most probably choose to walk until the end of time.

But if the tactics proved so far successful that they allured the lady from the terrace, where she "liked the heat," they did not appear to have progressed far towards gaining the fortress besieged, for at the end of their walk in that secluded and convenient spot, the last remark which fell from the lips of the same lady was that "she detested shade."

The widow's pretty ponies had reason to remember that notable sentence, for the temper of the young dragon was considerably ruffled as he drove his sister home, and the high spirited animals resented the unusual rough treatment which they received to such an extent that if they were not running away all the way home, they were doing something which had very much that appearance.

"She detests shade, does she?" said the captain to himself. "And I detest humbug. Upon my soul it's too bad!"

Now if Capt. Blayne thought Ella's conduct towards himself too bad, there were perhaps private reasons for his doing so. There existed, no doubt, some secret sacred even from the valet de chambre, and which he has not the power of opening for the benefit of public curiosity. All that he can assert upon the matter is, that it is a phrase seldom out of the young man's mouth; so we must suppose him, upon his own showing, to be the victim of some more than human consummation of iniquity—some invisible league of the powers of darkness

preserving the incognito of the convenient neuter.

Does it freeze on a hunting morning, the neuter is arraigned at the awful tribunal of his private judgment, and pronounced "too bad;" does his indulgent father decline to devote the half of his yearly income to the settlement of Young Hopeful's jewellery bill, the aspect of the neuter becomes terrible indeed, the black clouds of destiny are thereby represented, and the thunderer Jove is called upon to register and endorse the fact, that it is indeed "too bad." If a girl declined or evaded his suit, a trial which, it was true, he had not often experienced, the depths of the neuter's malignity no mortal could be supposed capable of sounding.

(To be continued.)

BOOK NOTICES.

PIQUE. A Novel. Boston: Loring.

In our last we noticed this new novel briefly from a first glance. A perusal of it shows a great deal of power in the development of the plot and character. Mildred, the heroine, is carefully drawn, and Lord Alford well sustained, although on almost unnatural character. The plot turns on a marriage of convenience between them, to which Mildred submits, although captivated for the moment by the showy qualities of a Col. Sutherland; but the working out of the story, till the real affection of the parties married, not mated, emerges from the pique and sensitive disposition of the one and the overbearing tyrannical character of the other, is very well managed. The unknown authors will certainly rank among our clever writers of fiction.

GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, whose name is a guarantee for good taste and useful books, announces "The Union General, embracing the Lives and Services of the Generals of the Union Army," with 80 steel plate portraits, maps, plans and other illustrations. The biographies are to be from capable hands, including J. E. C. Abbott, B. J. Lossing, J. C. Heald, E. A. Dwyer, Col. Gardiner, G. Shee, Major J. Grant Wilson, Dr. Tones and many others, and will give graphic pictures of all their great battles. The name of Mr. Childs is the highest guarantee that the work will be in every respect worthy of the public patronage, and this we are sure will be given liberally to a work of such enduring value. No effort will be spared to make it at once an authentic record of the heroes of the great civil war, and a gallery through which no American can look without patriotic enthusiasm. Its appearance will be hailed with delight by all.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

We asked a lady friend of ours how she liked the opera this season. She answered beautiful, perfectly beautiful! We felt encouraged, and began to expatiate upon the merits of the peerless Medori and Sulzer, Mazzoleni and Bellini, and had very nearly worked ourselves up into a frenzy of enthusiasm, when she interrupted us, saying, "Oh, yes, the singers are well enough, but I didn't pay much attention to them. I saw so many beautiful diamonds, and so many exquisite toilettes, that I could have cried with envy—the music only bored me!" The faintest ghost of a smile escaped us, and we swallowed at one gulp all we had said, and talked of dry goods and jewellery. O Soul! how small an end of a horn you occupy when compared with matter! O Art! how weak thy fascinations when opposed to diamonds! O Woman! how sublimely affluent in thy passion for gewgaws and frippery! O Idler! what an ass to expend thy priceless enthusiasm upon the unimpassioned rotundity of corded crinoline! Still the opera is a glorious institution, and we have rarely had an ensemble more entirely admirable than Maretzek presents us with this season. The artists are fine, and they are, moreover, conscientious and anxious to please; the chorus is excellent, and the band full and thoroughly competent. The great success of the past week was undoubtedly the production of "Ione." It would almost seem that the music was conceived for and fitted to our great quartette, Medori, Sulzer, Mazzoleni and Bellini, for in this work they exhibit their finest qualities. They realize the creations of the composer, they seem to throw the whole force of their physical and intellectual powers into the delineation of the characters, so that nothing is left to the imagination. It is unquestionably a performance of the highest excellence. On Thursday evening Mdlle. Artois Brignoli appeared in "La Traviata," and fully sustained the high reputation she won for herself last season. It was a charming performance throughout. Miss Kellogg delighted our neighbors of Brooklyn on Thursday evening, in "Rigoletto," and attracted a brilliant audience. She appeared in the same character at the matinee on Saturday, with the same success. The house was full of ladies in the most exquisite costumes, forming a brilliant coup d'oeil of beauty and fashion. Verdi's celebrated opera of "Macbeth" is the feature at the Academy this week.

Gottschalk commenced his brilliant series of concerts at Irving Hall this week, the notice of which we must defer until our next.

Mr. Theodore Thomas commences his series of popular afternoon concerts on Saturday next, the 24th inst., at Irving Hall. Gottschalk will play, and a number of popular artists will add interest to the programme. Some new artists will also appear, it being the determination of Mr. Thomas to afford to native talent an opportunity to gain a hearing before the public. We hope to see these concerts fully attended.

The promised piano recitals of Mr. S. B. Mills are postponed until after the first Philharmonic concert in November.

The Philharmonic rehearsals have commenced at the Academy of Music, at which place their concerts will be given this season. The programme for the first concert is admirable. The memorial concert to the lamented Hermann A. Wollenhaupt, is fixed to take place on the 4th of November, at Irving Hall. Its details are under the charge of the most eminent musical and literary gentlemen of the city, and we anticipate a programme worthy the occasion. The concert committee consists of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Stegway, C. B. Seymour, W. H. Fry, Theodore Hagen, H. A. Deille and Max Maretzek. The printing committee consists of the following gentlemen: Messrs. L. F. Harrison, who has generously tendered Irving Hall for the occasion, W. A. Pond, Charles Frazer, E. Reman, M. Massera and Paul F. Nicholson. President of the General Committee, Gen. Wm. Hally Treasurer, C. Beer; Secretary, Henry C. Watson. It is believed that, large as Irving Hall is, it will be too small to contain the hosts of friends and admirers anxious to pay a tribute to the memory of one so universally beloved and esteemed as Hermann A. Wollenhaupt. The tickets are now ready at Beer & Schirmer's, Broadway.

Robert Stoppel is busily employed in preparing his singers for the production of his beautiful cantata "Hiawatha," which will be shortly given at Irving

Hall. Miss Matilda Heron (Mrs. Stoppel), will read the selected portions of the poem, and the solos will be sustained by, among others, Mr. Castles and Mr. Campbell. We are delighted to think that this fine work will be given under such favorable circumstances. We predict for it a great success.

Miss Kimberly read Shakespeare's "Midsummer's Night Dream" at Irving Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 24th inst. The original music by Mendelssohn was performed by an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas. We shall notice it in our next.

The new play at Wallack's, "Rosealea; or, the Rifle Ball," has made an extraordinary hit, and has been played every night since the opening to crowded and fashionable houses. It seems to have taken hold of the sympathies of the public, and the anxiety to witness it is so great that a large proportion of the reserve seats are taken a whole week in advance. It is hardly necessary to say that "Rosealea" will be repeated every night until further notice.

At Niblo's Garden the management has definitely settled down into the American dramas of "Mr. Forrest's repertoire," the dramas written for him by American authors. During the past week "Jack Cade" has been given, succeeded this week by that dramatic marvel, "Metamora." We call this a dramatic marvel, for the reason that it is one of the worst successful dramas written in modern times, and could not fail to have been doomed, or in theatrical parlance, damned, upon its first night, but for Mr. Forrest's superb rendering of the Indian character, who constitutes the whole attraction of the tragedy. This is a great piece of acting—we use the word advisedly—and has preserved the play while he lives from passing out of the range of the living drama. We believe during the next week the very best of American plays is to be reproduced. We allude to Dr. Bird's "Broker of Bogota," Mr. Forrest sustaining the part of Febro.

Mdlle. Felicitia Vestfall finished her engagement at Niblo's Garden on Tuesday evening last, and goes direct to Baltimore. Her success here, especially in a money point of view, has been unparalleled. Every night she appeared the house was crowded to its utmost capacity, many persons being turned from the doors. We hope the same success will attend her everywhere.

Mr. Edwin Booth closed the most brilliant engagement he ever played in New York on Saturday last. An immense audience filled Winter Garden to its utmost capacity, and Mr. Booth received a perfect ovation. Mr. J. S. Clarke, the popular comedian, is the star at Winter Garden this week. He is one of the best comedians of the day; he is an extraordinary favorite in this city, and his engagement will, undoubtedly, prove a great success.

Mrs. John Wood has discarded the worn-out, hackneyed and not over delicate piece, "Brother and Sister," and has replaced it with Brougham's most admirable burlesque extravaganza, "Hiawatha." It is strongly cast, and is put upon the stage with new scenery, costumes, &c. It will, undoubtedly, be a success, and the beautiful and lively little theatre will continue to be crowded as it has been since its opening. We shall notice the performance in our next.

The Sioux Indians have left, peace to their ashes, the ashes in their peace pipes we mean. Mr. Barnum has prepared another novelty for his patrons, called "The Warning of Death," a spectral drama of intense and startling interest. The Ghost effect will, of course, be introduced. There will also be an Italian ballet called "The Vine Dressers of Como," performed by a fine company of pantomimists and dancers. The thousands of rare curiosities are on exhibition both day and evening.

The entertainments at Wood's Minstrels are of the most pleasing and humorous character. The singing is most excellent, and the fun is irresistible. The house is crowded every night.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THE civil tribunal of the Seine has given judgment in an action brought by the heirs of Pierre Loustaunau, formerly Generalissimo of the armies of the Mahrattas, in the East Indies, against the representatives of M. Lepine, Jeweller to Napoleon I., to recover the sum of 600,000fr., the value of a ruby which Gen. Loustaunau had entrusted for sale to M. Lepine. The plaintiffs also demanded damages to the amount of 200,000fr. In opening the case, the counsel for the plaintiffs gave a long account of the adventures of Pierre Loustaunau, who was a native of the village at the foot of the Pyrenees, which he left when quite a young man, in 1777, during the excitement caused by the American War of Independence, with the intention of seeking his fortune in America. Not being able, however, to find a vessel for that destination, he took his passage to the East Indies, on board a ship carrying an envoy from the King of France, charged to conclude with an East Indian potentate an offensive and defensive alliance against the English, and landed at a port in the Mahratta territory, not far from Bombay.

The Emperor of the Mahrattas had just been assassinated, and two princes disputed the throne, one of whom was supported by the French and the other the English. Loustaunau immediately determined to join the former, and obtained a letter of recommendation from the French envoy. His offered services were declined on account of his youth. He then determined to serve as a volunteer, and in the course of the war he distinguished himself so much as to be entrusted with the command of a detachment, at the head of which he gained an advantage over the English, for which the Prince rewarded him with a horse, richly caparisoned, and a sum of 5,000 rupees.

He afterwards obtained a high command, and greatly contributed to the successful issue of an important battle, during which he lost his left hand. He had a silver hand made to replace it, and the very first time he appeared at the head of his troops with his new hand, an Indian priest, falling on his knees before him, declared that the will of fate was accomplished, for that an ancient prophecy had declared that the Mahratta Empire would attain the highest degree of power when its arms should be commanded by a stranger from the far west, with an invincible silver hand. From that time Loustaunau was regarded as the first subject in the empire, and became Generalissimo. He held that high post for 18 years, during which he amassed immense riches.

The love of native land, however, was still strong within him, and he resolved to return home. He accordingly transmitted his fortune, amounting to about 8,000,000fr., to France, through a merchant of Chandernagore, and soon after took his departure, receiving, as a farewell gift from the prince, the very ruby for the recovery of which the present proceedings were instituted. On leaving India his good fortune abandoned him; for, after narrowly escaping shipwreck, he arrived in France to find that his 8,000,000fr., which had to be converted into assignats, were then only worth 200,000fr. With this remnant he sought some ironworks near the Spanish frontier, but his establishment was destroyed in 1804 by Spanish guerrillas. He then came to Paris, to sell his gems, and entrusted the ruby in question to M. Lepine.

On his return to the Pyrenees he was captured by some Spanish partisans and detained for a long time as a prisoner in a small island of the Mediterranean, from which he at last escaped by swimming to a passing vessel bound for the Levant. He landed in Syria, and there became insane and was kindly treated by a wealthy merchant. He soon recovered his senses, but when he related his history, all who heard it thought him as mad as ever. He wrote to France, however, and was soon joined by his son, and both of them were introduced to Lady Esther Stanhope, who, being addicted to astrology, took a liking to them, because she thought there was

some mysterious connection between her star and Loustaunau's. The young man died two years before Lady Stanhope, and at her death General Loustaunau was received into the French charitable establishment, where he remained till his decease.

His representatives are now in the depth of poverty, and reclaim the ruby from the merchant. The counsel for the defendant admitted that the ruby had been entrusted to Lepine, but declared that when estimated by competent judges it was found to be worth only 6,000fr., at which price it had been purchased as a present for the Empress Josephine, and the proceeds had been paid either to Loustaunau himself or his creditors. Even had it not been so, the plaintiff's claim could not be maintained, as it was barred by the statute of limitations. The tribunal took this view of the case and rejected the plaintiff's demand.

SOME FACTS CONCERNING REPTILES.

Of old, when the waters that covered the earth had subsided, there were, according to tradition and the limited discoveries of geologists, left stranded amid the ooze and mud certain monsters or reptiles which were hideous and repulsive in form. These are said to have been chelonians or those belonging to the tortoise family, saurians or lizards, and ophiidians or serpents. Reptiles do not undergo any change of nature and are always air-breathers, although cold blooded; they have neither mammae or breasts for suckling their young, nor yet hair or feathers. By the two former peculiarities they are distinguished from fishes or batrachians, and by the two latter from the mammals or those which do not suckle their young, and from birds. Reptiles breathe air by their lungs, like birds and mammals, but the pulmonary circulation is incomplete, only a part of the blood being sent to the lungs; while from the ventricles of the heart a mixed arterial and venous blood is sent to the other organs. The number of species of reptiles is set down at 2,500, or less than that of mammals or birds; most of them are terrestrial, but some, it is said, can sustain themselves in the air. Some reptiles live habitually in the water, swimming by means of flattened fins (as the turtles) or by a thin tail, as in crocodiles; others dwell in subterranean burrows.

Every degree of speed is found among reptiles, and while some are fitted for running over dry sand, others are better adapted to climbing trees or ascending smooth surfaces. The means of defence with which nature has provided reptiles are many, and although their appearance is sufficient to terrify most animals, yet they are furnished with other safeguards, which render an attack upon them, to say the least, unpleasant. The crocodile and turtle are sufficiently protected against ordinary assaults; the agility of the lizard serves him well, for he darts into his hole at the expense, possibly, of his tail, which is soon reproduced. The great boa can prevail over every foe but man, and the poisonous fangs of other serpents and the biting spines of the horned lizard are amply sufficient to guard them from the attacks of predaceous and other ill-disposed members of the animal kingdom. Reptiles are very useful to man in various ways; some fulfil the law of their being by catching insects, while still others serve as food, or supply material useful in the arts. The muscles of reptiles are red, though paler than in mammals and birds; they preserve their irritability for a long time after death. Tortoises have been known to live 18 days after their brains have been removed. Life seems in a marked degree independent of the brain, as they vegetate rather than live; and being comparatively insensible to pain, they grow slowly, live long, and are very tenacious of life. The sense of touch is dull, whether exercised by the skin, toes, lips, tongue or tail; taste must be also dull, as the food of reptiles is swallowed without mastication. Reptiles eat and drink comparatively little, and are able to go a long time without food; most of them are oviparous, their eggs being hatched by the heat of the sun. The young when born are able to provide for themselves, and are generally indifferent to the mother, who has neither the joys nor the sorrows of maternity.

DISCOVERIES AT ROME.

ONE of the hills which towers over the little osteria or inn at Prima Porta is being excavated with good results. On the top of this hill a ruined brick wall, for centuries peeping out of the soil, beckoned man to come and dig; but the invitation was answered only this spring, when almost the first spade hit upon the ruins of a villa. The villa, it is said, belonged to Calpurnia, the wife of Caesar; and a clay pipe, exactly resembling a modern drain-pipe, bears in distinct letters the inscription, Calpurnia. From Calpurnia or Caesar the villa may have been inherited by Octavianus and Livia, and through generations it may have remained an imperial summer abode. Scholars now call it Livia's Villa.

A few feet beneath the surface of the soil is found a suite of rooms, no doubt the first floor of the villa. The walls of one the rooms are, singularly enough, decorated with landscape paintings, a grove of palm and orange trees, with fruits and birds on the branches—the colors all as fresh and lively as if painted yesterday. Though exquisite, they may, however, be looked upon by most visitors with less admiration than surprise: for not only is it a strange taste to decorate rooms of a villa with a representation of trees, but this kind of picture is in itself an exception from what we know of antique Art, the Romans, as well as their descendants, being without that romantic feeling which prompts the Teutonic race to landscape painting. A learned friend of mine even expresses a doubt of the decoration being antique; but who in later times would have descended beneath the earth to execute such a work? The ceilings have fallen down; but in their scattered fragments can be seen the beauty of line and color, and the fine floating figures, etc., so well known from Pompeii. Glass and earthenware have been found likewise.

The most essential part, however, of the discoveries, that which has caused so much sensation at Rome, is a statue of Augustus. He is clad in his triumphal garb, in armor, the *chiton* loosely thrown from arm to arm, so as to cover the trunk. On the armor the following emblems in bas-relief are seen. Lowest, Roma, with a cornucopia, the twins at her side. Over her, to the left, Apollo, with his lyre, riding a hippogriff; to the right, Diana on a hind. Over these, to the left, Mars, holding out his sheathed sword (potent or armed Peace); to the right, a figure with a torch and dog, the significance of which I do not know. Over these, and closer together, a soldier with banner and eagle, evidently Loyalty; to the right, a trophy, Victory. Over these a figure in a triumphal car, drawn by four horses, and preceded by sailing Victories, rides into heaven, which Jupiter holds open, or expounds for their reception.

The statue, 11 Roman palms high, was found quite unscathed, with the exception of the feet, and these are but broken off, not lost, and may be easily joined on to the body. At the right foot was an Amor with a dolphin—hinting perhaps at the battle of Actium. This Amor, and some little things about the garment and the right knee are wanting in execution, and in so far as the work stands behind, for instance, "Britannicus" in the Museum of the Lateran, whilst by the ideality of the head and the gracefulness of the limbs it surpasses that statue as well as any other of the same period and in the same style.

THE ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE IRONSIDES.

THE monitors have by their wonderful power and efficiency immortalized, in the annals of war and naval architecture, Capt. Ericsson, their great inventor; but they are not adapted for all service, nor did he so propose them. They have done far more than he expected; but it has been found that in attacking fortifications they labor under disadvantages, and the rebels, who found the wooden steamers irresistible at Port Royal, have stood in no awe of the monitors before Sumter, Wagner and Moultrie. The Ironsides, able to pour in her full broadside, is their recognised avenger, and to drive her from the waters of Charleston the great object of Southern dreams. In open flight they cannot meet her. Their great Atlanta struck to the monitor Weehawken, after a fight of about as many minutes as it takes to read these paragraphs. Hence they resort to the dastardly concealed torpedoes and infernal machines, so utterly out of character to the Anglo-Saxon, but singularly affected by the Latin and would-be Latin races.

On the night of the 5th of October a cigar-shaped steamer, carrying a torpedo far ahead of her bow, contrived, while another was distracting the attention of the picket-boats, to steal along in the shadow of the shore till opposite the Ironsides, when she put on all steam and made towards her. She was hailed as she came near, but made no reply. All hands were waked to quarters, a gun fired, but the craft was so low in the water that the ball passed over her. As she came nearer a volley of muskets was fired from her, wounding Ensign Howard, the officer of the deck. In another moment she struck full against the side of the Ironsides, and a terrific explosion followed, jarring the great iron-plated hull of the Ironsides, and sending an immense column of water into the air, which fell partly on the Ironsides and partly on her assailant. When this had subsided nothing could be seen of the rebel craft; whether overwhelmed by the water, her own explosion, or a shot from the Ironsides, could not be told. Subsequently Lieut. Glassel, C.S.N., was found on a coal-schooner, and a seaman named Toombs, but they could not tell what had become of their companions or their vessel.

The attempt to destroy the Ironsides but proved her staunchness, and resulted in the destruction of the torpedo-users themselves.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE wit deservedly won his bet who, in a company when every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagged that he himself had a brother 12 feet high. "He had," he said, "two half-brothers, each measuring six feet."

WHEN some one was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnson said he was glad of it. "He is rising in the world," said he; "when he was in England no one thought it worth while to kick him."

A CANDIDATE for auditor of public accounts was called upon for a speech. On rising he commenced—"Gentlemen, you have called upon me for a few remarks. I have none to make—have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker. I do not desire to be a speaker, I only want to be an auditor."

A WOMAN should be amiable, benevolent, charitable, domestic, economical, forgiving, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, kind, loving, modest, neat, obedient, pleasant, quiet, reflecting, sober, tender, urbane, virtuous, wise, exemplary and zealous.

JUPITER made a wound upon his head to let Mincerva, the goddess of wisdom, find her way out, and ever since many mortals have thought it necessary to scratch their heads to enable a wise idea to escape. That's good if it isn't original.

AN eminent divine preached one Sunday morning from the text—"Ye are the children of the devil," and in the afternoon, by a funny coincidence, from the words, "Children, obey your parents."

THE celebrated Dr. Bentley, of Salem, was noted for his pertinacity in refusing to exchange with his brethren. Having been asked his reason, he said that "he was not going to have any strange hogs rooting round in his sty."

A PROMINENT democrat in Rockland, Maine, got into a political discussion with a lady at a so-called Union meeting during the recent canvass in that State, when the gentle creature expressed her contempt for him by a few applications of the soles of a thick pair of boots to his person.

LITTLE Charles came to the table very hungry, and as he had his fork in a potato and the potato transfixed to his plate before he thought of the usual blessing. Looking up to his father, he says: "Pa, you talk to heaven while I mash my potato." His hunger made him wish to improve every moment.

A WESTERN paper says that an Arkansas rebel cavalry colonel mounts men by the following order:

First order: "Prepare for yer giter yer crotchets."

Second order: "Git!"

WHY is life the greatest of all enigmas?

Because we shall all have to give it up at last.

THE following is deceptively promulgated under the head of "Zoological Information." The black tapir is found in many districts of Sumatra, but the red tapir chiefly in the District of Columbia.

THE children are said to be so dirty in a place on Cape Cod, that a mother frequently goes into the street and washes the faces of half a dozen children before she finds her own!

"WELL, Jane, this is a queer world," said Joe to his sister; "a set of women philosophers has just sprung up."

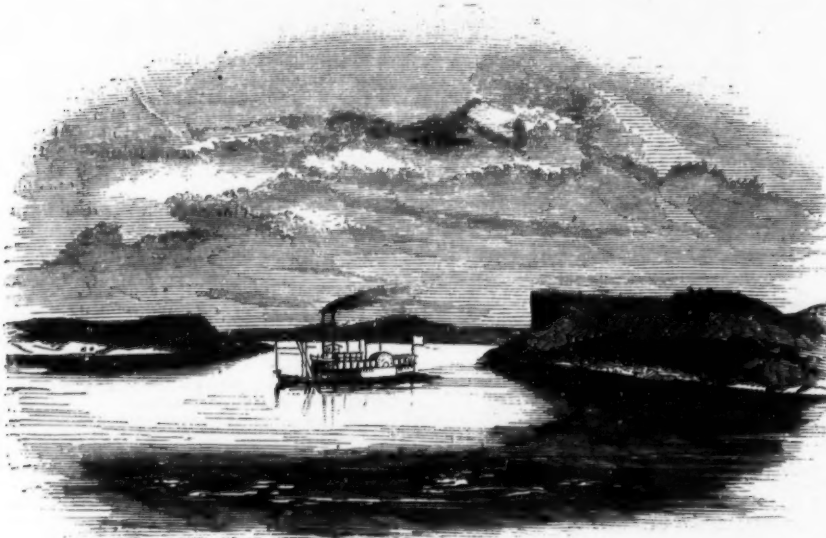
"Indeed," said Jane, "and what do they hold?"

"The strangest thing in nature," said Joe—"their tongues!"

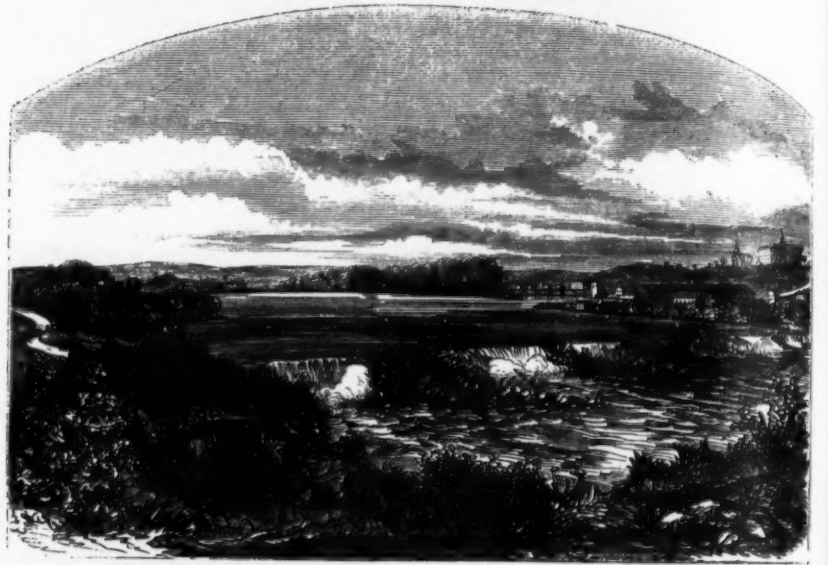
NEXT GENERATION TO BE SHORT.—It is the effect of war on human stature. Dr. Bell says: "That if the curse of war be long entailed on a nation, the physical energies of the people may suffer by the loss of its finest population to such a degree that the succeeding generation will fall short of its former standard stature, as was the case with the French youth drafted for the army after a general peace. Thus in 1826, out of 1,037,432 young men drafted to serve in the army, 380,213 were sent back because they fell short of even the diminutive stature of four feet ten inches French."



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE RAPPAHANNOCK, AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FOMBER.



SCENE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.—FROM A SKETCH BY WINTFIELD.



FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, MINNESOTA.—FROM A SKETCH BY WINTFIELD.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE IRONSIDES, CAPT. BOWAN, WITH A TORPEDO, OCT. 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



HON. JOHN N. GOODWIN, GOVERNOR OF ARIZONA.



HON. RICHARD M'CORMICK, SECRETARY OF ARIZONA.

SKETCHES OF THE SIOUX WAR.

Indians Stopping Mail Carriers—Scene on Upper Mississippi—St. Anthony's Falls.

We have had occasion to speak already of the minor war now waged by our Government, that carried on to reduce to quiet the Dakotas or Sioux, who still continue their ravages on the north-western frontier.

Our Artist gives us some personal incidents and adventures during Gen. Sibley's campaign. The mail carriers of the expedition are Chippewa Indians, and on one occasion they were met and stopped by the pickets of the Sioux, who would have killed white men thus engaged, but deemed it policy to use no harsh measures with fellow-Indians, and simply compelled them to return, threatening death in every

form of horror if they persisted in their attempts to serve the Long Knives.

In connection with these movements we also give a scene on the Upper Mississippi, a steamer carrying troops to the war, and a fine view of St. Anthony's Falls, so called by the Franciscan Hennepin, the first literary European to see them, who gave them the name of the favorite Saint of his Order, St. Anthony of Padua.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We present a number of views to give the friends of soldiers in the army of the Potomac and the public generally a picture of life in that camp, soon to become again the scene of more thrilling events. Now the gay laugh and the sport, news from home,

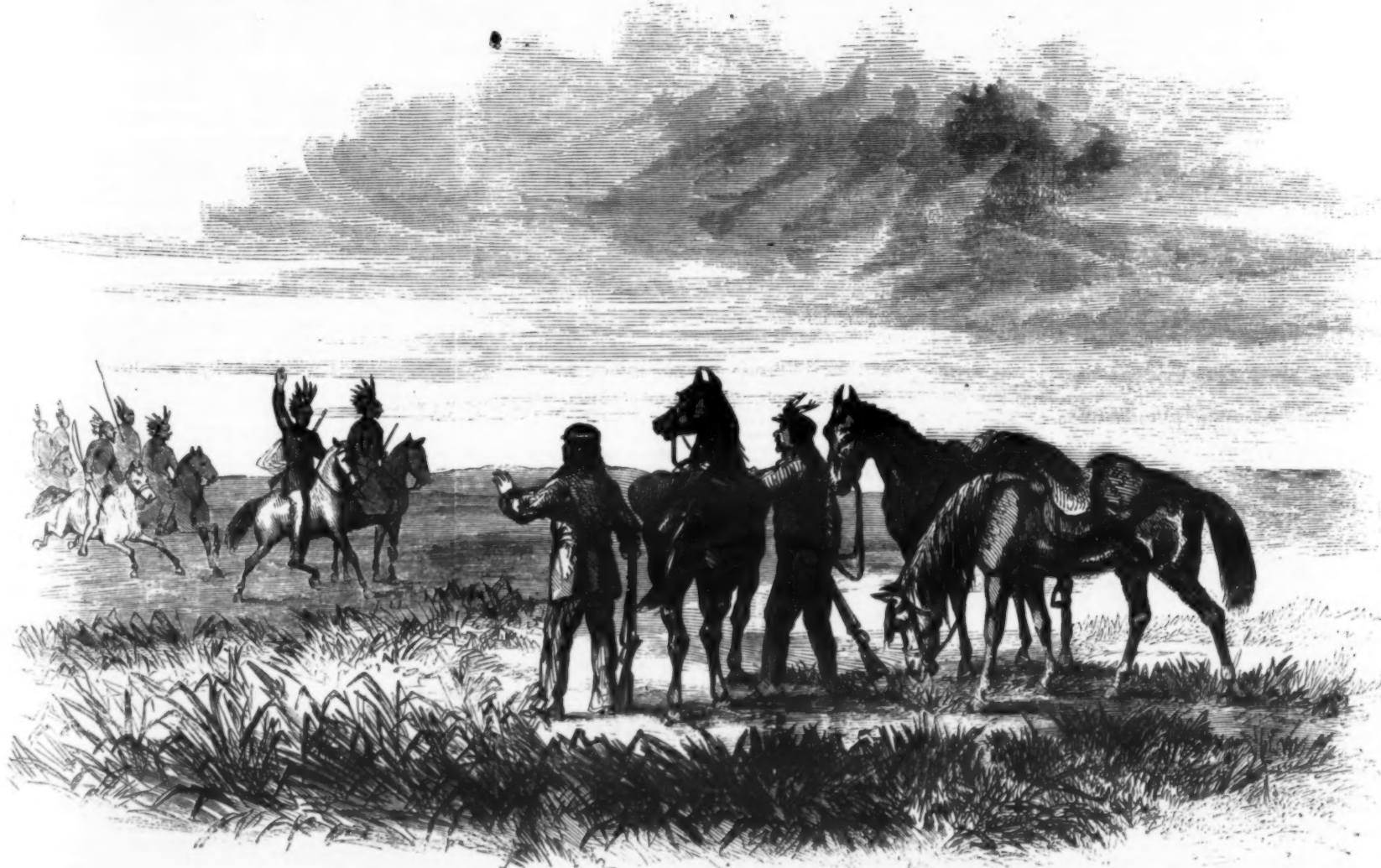
and the rush for papers, have cast into oblivion the darker pictures of the battlefield and the terrible days that follow the deadly struggle of contending armies.

Among our view are the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock, a fine work constructed by our troops, to replace one destroyed by the rebels.

The monotony of camp life, roused to curiosity by the approach of the paper carriers, and then the distribution of the luxuries, the *Herald*, *Frank Leslie*, serious and mirthful, the *Illustrated Paper* and the *Budget*, form two pleasing studies that our readers will examine with pleasure. A signal officer at his post is a warning of dangers ahead; to march in the equinoctial storm is more grotesque in appearance, certainly, than pleasant to experience, and the use of

the blanket gives the army a formidable appearance. The roadside sketches present the Virginia farmer, husbandman by day, guerilla by night, showing in his looks his hostility to the men whom he regards as invaders, whose sole object is to rob him of his loved and cherished black diamonds; but also the family profiting gladly by the opportunity to sell pies and cakes to the marching soldiers.

On the front we give "Shaving in Camp," which needs no explanation and no recommendation. It tells its own story too completely and is too true to nature for any one to ignore its merit. The bridges shown on the large engraving are the famous stone bridge over Bull Run, now in ruins, but soon, perhaps, to witness the third annual battle, and a bridge rebuilt by the Union troops over Cedar creek, below Catlett's station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, passed by Warren before the attack which he so nobly repulsed on the 14th.



THE SIOUX WAR.—U. S. MAIL-CARRIERS STOPPED BY INDIAN SCOUTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, GEO. ELISBURY.

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EXQUISITE READING!

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